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Preston..... C. Gray

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, - Pastor, Rev. H. A. Brown. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Class meeting, 10 a. m. Sabbath school, 12 m. Epworth League, 6:30 p. m. Junior League, 8:15 p. m. Tuesday, Prayer meeting, 7:30 p. m., Thursday.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - Regular church service at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School immediately after morning service. V. S. E. at 10:30 a. m. Tuesday, Prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Rev. L. P. Hildner, Pastor.

DANISH EV. LUTHERAN CHURCH - Rev. A. C. Kildegaard, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - Services every first and third Sunday of the month. Confession on the preceding Saturday. On Sunday, mass at 10 o'clock a. m.; Sunday School at 10:30 o'clock a. m.; Vespers and Benediction at 7 o'clock p. m. On the Monday after the third Sunday, mass at 8 o'clock a. m. (standard time). G. Goodhouse, Pastor; J. J. Hines, Assistant.

GRAYLING LODGE, No. 44, F. & A. M., meets in regular communication on Thursday evening at or before the fall of the moon. Wm. Woodruff, W. M. J. F. Hines, Secretary.

MARYIN POST, No. 340, O. A. R., meets the second and fourth Saturdays in each month. DELAVAN SMITH, Post Com. A. L. Fox, Adjutant.

WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS, No. 182, meets on the 2d and 4th Saturdays at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Mrs. H. T. Krumpholtz, President. Mrs. L. Winslow, Sec.

GRAYLING CHAPTER, B. A. M., No. 132 - Meets every third Tuesday in each month. Fred Naxson, Sec. M. A. Hines, M. P.

GRAYLING LODGE, I. O. O. F., No. 157 - Meets every Tuesday evening. J. H. Hines, N. G. Chas. O. McCullough, Sec.

BUTLER POST, No. 21, Union Life Guards, meet every first and third Saturday evenings in W. H. C. hall. J. H. Hines, Captain. Wm. Post, Adjutant.

CRAWFORD TENT, No. 2, O. T. M. M., No. 192 - Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month. T. Nolan, R. E.

GRAYLING CHAPTER, ORDER OF EAST-ERN STARS, No. 52, meets Wednesday evenings or before the full of the moon. Mrs. J. H. Hines, W. M. Mrs. Jeanette Woodruff, Sec.

COURT GRAYLING, I. O. F., No. 700 - Meets second and 4th Saturdays of each month. Fred Harrington, C. R. J. H. Woodruff, R. S.

CRAWFORD HIVE, No. 600, L. O. T. M. M. - Meets first and third Friday of each month. Mrs. Kittle Nolan, Sec. Mrs. Kittle Nolan, Sec. Kopper.

REGULAR CONVOCACTION OF PORTAGE LODGE, No. 141, K. of P., meets in Castle Hall the first and third Wednesday of each month. H. Hanson, K. of K. S.

GARFIELD CIRCLE, No. 16, Ladies of the G. A. R. meet the second and fourth Friday evenings in each month. Mrs. A. L. Fox, President. Rose Post, Secretary.

CRAWFORD COUNTY GRANGE, No. 684 - Meets at G. A. R. Hall, first and third Saturday of each month at 1 p. m. A. W. HANSON, Master. Fred Baltimore, Secretary.

Bank of Grayling

SUCCESSOR TO
Crawford Co. Exchange Bank

MARIUS HANSON,
PROPRIETOR.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

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Office over Fowler's Drug Store.
Office hours: 9 to 11 a. m. 2 to 6 p. m. 7 to 9 evenings. Residence, Pennant Ave., opposite G. A. R. Hall.

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Fine Lands Bought and Sold on Commission. Non-Residents' Lands Looked After.

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Office on Michigan Avenue, first door east of the Bank.

O. PALMER,

Attorney at Law and Notary,

Prosecuting Attorney for Crawford County.

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Collections, contracting, payment of losses and purchase and sale of real estate promptly attended to. Office on Pennsylvania Avenue, opposite the Court House.

GRAYLING, MICH.

H. H. WOODRUFF

Attorney-at-Law.

Office at Court House, Grayling, Mich. Wednesday noon until Thursday noon each week. Can be found other days at Open House Building, Roscommon, Mich.

PEACE ENDS WAR

Envoys of Russia and Japan in Accord on All Points.

SACRIFICE BY JAPAN.

Last Concession Granted from Tokyo Closes Result in Short Order.

Official Statement issued at Portsmouth that Peace Plenipotentiaries Have Agreed—Japan Yields Practically Every Point in Dispute, Waiving Indemnity and Purchase Price for Sakhalin.

Peace has come. Envoys of the warring countries have reached an agreement on all questions and the devastating war in the East is over. The efforts of Theodore Roosevelt have borne their fruit, and the commissioners of Russia and Japan have arrived at terms of peace.

Japanese Give In.

In the interest of peace Japan yielded practically everything which the Russians demanded, giving up her claim to indemnity and waiving her right to the purchase price for Sakhalin.

The vision of peace came out of a cloud. Unobtrusively Mr. Witte and Baron Komura had known that it was to appear, but each in appearance early Tuesday that was more than unobtrusive. Those who had felt and practically known that an amiable agreement was to be the outcome, did not allow forbidding looks to discount them.

That which has been consistently forecast is an accomplished fact, and from Portsmouth will go out the word which will disband armies and restore concord to the fields where war has waged.

Japan Shows Greatness.

Japan has added to the exhibition of heroism of her soldiers in the field a display of moral courage which amounts to greatness. Magnanimity has marked her course throughout the peace proceedings, and today she stands as an example to the world.

The Mikado sent word to his peace commissioners that rather than have the efforts which had been made to end the war fail it was the judgment of the government that concessions might be made with honor. The concessions were made, and out of Portsmouth goes the proclamation of peace.

Points on which the Japanese yield are indemnity, the restoration to Russia of war ships interned in neutral ports and the limitation of Russian naval power in the East. The two last points she had been ready to yield for a week. The one great matter on which she gave way was the demand for indemnity.

Neither belligerent humiliated. The terms of peace contain nothing which is humiliating to either belligerent. Russia has lost much—its navy, Manchuria, Port Arthur, the Chinese Eastern Railway, and its prestige in the Orient—but has saved its "honor." Japan has gained much and has saved its "honor." It has not been humiliated as it was after the conclusion of the Chinese war, when the European nations compelled it to give up Port Arthur.

Tactically the triumph is with Russia, and Sergius Witte is the hero of the hour. Morally, and probably in the solid advantages gained and in the judgment of history, Japan is the victor. Russia keeps her money and saves her pride. Japan secures the foothold on the Asiatic mainland she had set out for and appeals to the world for confidence and faith.

Each nation will be free now, thanks in part to the generous efforts of President Roosevelt, to devote itself to the arts of peace. A year more of fighting would have exhausted both financially, and an irredeemable paper currency would have taken the place of gold in both empires. They have escaped that danger. The Russian government can devote itself to the restoration of internal peace and that of Japan to the restoration of Korea. Each has been so much worn down by war and is in such need of rest that they are likely to remain at peace for many years.

Katharsis in Great.

News of peace was received outside of the conference room and in the streets and hotels of Portsmouth with the wildest enthusiasm. The tidings spread with the rapidity of the passage of light. Men were cheering everywhere and many women were weeping. Hats, canes and coats were thrown into the air and the scene was one of thrilling excitement, which was a laggard in subsiding.

Admission at this page.

HOW THE WAR HAS CHANGED THE MAP.



BEFORE. AFTER.
Russian territory shown in black. Japanese territory or sphere of influence in white or shaded.

PRINCIPAL FEATURES OF THE WAR.

War began.....	Feb. 6, 1904
War ended.....	Aug. 29, 1905
Lasted (days).....	570
First shot on sea at Chemulpo.....	Feb. 8, 1904
First shot on land at Pingyang.....	Feb. 28, 1904
First naval engagement (Port Arthur).....	May 1, 1904
Last naval battle (Sea of Japan).....	May 27, 1905
First land battle (Yalu).....	July 1, 1904
Last land battle (Mukden).....	Feb. 20-March 10, 1905
Russian's army in field at close of war.....	329,044
Japan's army in field at close of war.....	192,730
Russian's strength in guns.....	1,116
Japan's strength in guns.....	1,050
Russian Generals killed.....	2
Japanese Generals killed.....	0
Russian Admirals killed.....	3
Japanese Admirals killed.....	0
Russians killed and wounded on land.....	224,779
Japanese killed and wounded on land.....	115,000
Russian losses in sea.....	81,000
Japanese losses in sea.....	4,070
Russian prisoners.....	67,791
Japanese prisoners.....	646
Russian ships engaged in war.....	83
Japanese ships engaged in war.....	75
Russian ships sunk.....	57
Japanese ships sunk.....	12
Russian ships captured.....	7
Japanese ships captured.....	0
Russian's money loss in ships.....	\$155,500,000
Japan's money's loss in ships.....	\$23,720,000
War cost Russia.....	\$1,200,000,000
War cost Japan.....	\$800,000,000
Russian borrowed.....	\$870,000,000
Japan borrowed.....	\$870,000,000

MIKADO ORDERS CONCESSIONS.

Komura and Takahira, Downcast, Submit to Instructions.
The result was not brought about by the initiative of Baron Komura, the chief Japanese envoy, and his aid, Minister Takahira. It was ordered by the Japanese emperor himself.

Komura and Takahira wanted an indemnity. They desired and claim now that by this action Japan has lost the legitimate fruits of her victory.

Although President Roosevelt had much to do with bringing about these concessions, it is known that Baron Komura, the Japanese financial agent, who in this country and who has been so persistent a visitor of the President, went over the head of Baron Komura and reached the ear of the emperor through Marquis Ito, one of the older statesmen.

The Japanese officially explain their remarkable concessions on the ground of expediency as any other. The fact is that the present envoys, Komura and Takahira, were beaten at home by the representatives of Kaneko and the influence of Marquis Ito.

The hard-headed business man, M. Witte, whom the czar so wisely picked out for his envoy, although besought by people in his own country, in England, France and America, and although personally begged by President Roosevelt, to pay some sort of an indemnity, stubbornly and persistently refused. He won. It must be said that he did not expect to win, for he said that he was thunder-struck when Baron Komura waived the indemnity.

Although Witte is a peace man, he would have allowed the war to go on indefinitely before he would have paid a cent of tribute.

He granted all the obvious demands of Japan, granted everything Japan had requested before the war. Then he made the argument that Russia is not a conquered nation, that this war is a colonial war and that Russia can continue it indefinitely.

Witte had no Baron Kaneko working against him in this country. He goes home with the glory of settling a war that has crushed the Russian armies, destroyed the Russian fleets, driven Russia out of territory she had grabbed as if it were the conquering force instead of the conquered.

RUSSIA'S INTERNED WARSHIPS.

Location and Names of Vessels to Which Japan Waives Claim.

The interned warships to which Japan has waived her claim and which will be returned to Russia are:

The battleship Carevitch, at Tsingtau, China.

The cruiser Askold, the gunboat Manchuria and the torpedo boat destroyer Grozovoi, at Shanghai.

The cruiser Diana, at Saigon, French Indo-China.

The cruisers Aurora, Oleg and Jemchug, at Manila.

The converted cruiser Lena, at Mare Island, San Francisco bay.

TRUMPH FOR ROOSEVELT.

American President Praised for Aid in Securing Result.

The conclusion of peace between Russia and Japan is a splendid triumph for President Roosevelt.

SOLAR MARVEL SEEN.

SAVANTS AND LAYMEN WITNESS ECLIPSE OF SUN.

Camille Flammarion, French Astronomer, Sees Flames of Burning Hydrogen Gas 81,100 Miles High—Clear Sky Makes Observation Easy.

Savants and laymen over a major portion of the civilized world gazed on the sun as eagerly as Zoroastrians Wednesday. The blazing life-giver passed behind the moon in his daily march across the heavens, the result being the phenomenon so important to scientists and so mysteriously fascinating for the multitude—a total eclipse.

The United States was not fortunate enough, however, to be in the path of totality. Only the skirt, or penumbra, of the moon's shadow passed over this country, while the complete shadow, or umbra, took a slanting path from Hudson's Bay to Southeastern Arabia. In this tract, from which the direct rays of the sun were totally blocked for a few minutes, many parties of astronomers set up their apparatus in the hope of making observations which would render more intimate the world's acquaintance with the mighty ball of fire about which it revolves. Three American expeditions, stationed in Spain and Morocco, were among the number.

From Assouan, Egypt, comes the news that the British, American and Russian expeditions enjoyed perfect weather, and made valuable observations. The period of totality was two minutes, and twenty-four seconds. The corona, or fiery atmosphere, which envelops the sun, was of moderate size. In the City of Tripoli, which has had the novel experience of two total eclipses in the past five years, the American, French and Italian scientists also were aided by a cloudless sky. The total eclipse lasted three minutes and four seconds there.

Ten minutes before the period of totality the inexplicable shadow bands began to flicker over all smooth surfaces on the earth and were particularly clear. The corona was developed evenly, and Professor Todd of Am-

herst College, head of the American expedition, made many excellent photographs. Bailey's beads—a ring of bright spots sometimes seen around the rim of the moon just as it completely covers the sun—were not in evidence.

Astronomers gathered at Almazun, Spain, from all parts of the world to observe the total eclipse of the sun. Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, was assisted by his wife, M. Flammarion said after the eclipse: "Clouds prevented a perfect observation, but it was accurate despite them. The design of the corona was not so beautiful as that of the eclipse of 1880, but the contrast was greater. In the eclipse of 1880 the sky was black. Today it was gray. I found the corona was decidedly circular, typifying maximum solar activity."

"In 1900 the corona was oblong, showing minimum activity. Today I saw flames protruding to nearly a height of 50,000 kilometers (31,071 1/2 miles). They were flames of blazing hydrogen gas. They protruded from the side in 1880. I saw the double corona, but not the tanned irregularity of 1900."

In Washington, D. C., the sun was covered with clouds during a part of the period of the eclipse's duration. Professors Skinner and Hall, and Messrs. Hall and Hammond studied the phenomenon from the United States observatory. New York and Boston were deprived of even a glimpse of the eclipse by clouds and fog. Observations were made from the university observatory in Cincinnati, and four groups in Cincinnati, each of considerable size, were seen. At Columbus, Professor C. Lord photographed the eclipse.

Whether any epoch-making discoveries have been made, such as the finding of the intra-Mercurial planet Vulcan, or the analysis of the composition of the corona, will not be determined until the expeditions make the detailed reports.

J. Howard Lacombe, the one time associate of the railroad king, Tom Scott, and of Andrew Carnegie, the ironmaster, is a clerk in the pension office at Washington.

Senator Clark of Montana has furnished means to defray the expenses of an expedition to explore the unknown mountains of his State.

Senator Bacon of Georgia has had conferred on him the title of the "grand coronator of Chefev" by the Sultan of Turkey.

VERMONT ENTERS THE WATER.

Description of Battleship Taking First Dip at Quincy, Mass.

The battleship Vermont was launched at Quincy, Mass., Thursday forenoon. She is one of the largest and most powerful of the ships of war constructed for the United States navy. She is of 16,000 tons burden with a length of 450 feet and extreme breadth of 70 feet 10 inches. She will be required to steam 18 knots an hour for four consecutive hours.

The main battery will consist of four 12-inch breech loading rifles, two mounted forward and two aft; eight 8-inch breech loading rifles; twelve 7-inch breech loading rifles. In the secondary battery will be twenty 3-inch 14-pounder rapid fire guns; six 1-pounder automatic guns; two 3-inch fieldpieces; two machine and six automatic guns. The 12-inch pieces will be mounted in pairs in two electrically controlled balanced elliptical turrets. The 7-inch guns will be mounted in broadside on pedestals on the gun deck behind 7-inch armor.

The hull of the battleship is of steel throughout. It is protected at the water-line by a complete belt of armor 9 feet 3 inches wide, having a maximum thickness of eleven inches for about 230 feet midships.

The engines are of the vertical, twin-screw, four-cylinder, triple-expansion type, of a combined horsepower of 16,500. There are twelve boilers placed in six water-tight compartments. There are three funnels, each 100 feet high above the base line.

The Vermont was designed as a flagship. The quarters provide accommodation for a flag officer, a chief of staff, nineteen war room officers, ten junior officers, ten warrant officers and not fewer than 700 men, including 360 marines.

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ROADS READY FOR STRIKE.

Baer Denies Anthracite Miners Will Go Out Next Year.

In spite of President George F. Baer's emphatic statement that there will be no strike in April, 1906, when the present agreement between the anthracite operators and the United Mine Workers, under decision of the anthracite strike commission, expires, the action of the Reading and other coal carrying roads in Pennsylvania during the last few months, indicates the opposite.

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STEPHEN E. COTTOR.

Stephen E. Cottor, recently appointed general superintendent of the Wash-bash system, was born in Bloomington and received his early education in railroad training.

He is one of four brothers, all of whom have attained distinction in the railway world. The case is unique. William Cottor is now general manager of the Pere Marquette system.

He is the eldest of the four. John, next in age, is superintendent of the Southern, with headquarters at Birmingham, Ala. George is general superintendent of the Colorado Southern, with headquarters at Fort Worth, Tex. Stephen was born in 1870 and his brother George, the youngest, in 1873. They are believed to be the youngest general superintendents in the United States.

Robert W. Brown, newly elected Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks, has been affiliated with Louisville Lodge No. 8 of that order since 1887, and it has been through his efforts that the fraternity was enabled to build a magnificent home in that city costing upward of \$20,000.

He is a Kentuckian by birth, about 40 years old, and for twenty years has been a newspaper man. The only public office Mr. Brown has ever held was that of private secretary to the Mayor in the administration of Charles P. Weaver. He is managing editor of the Louisville Times.

Kogoro Takahira, who conducted the peace preliminaries at Washington, has been minister of the mikado at the national capital since 1900. He began his diplomatic career in this country, first coming here in 1870 as attaché. In 1881 he was appointed secretary of legation, and after two years' service returned to

TAKAHIRA. Tokio to become secretary of the foreign office. He was chargé d'affaires in Korea in 1885, consul general at New York in 1891, and subsequently minister to Holland, Italy and Austria, and in 1896 was vice minister for foreign affairs. He is of middle age, tactful, dignified and diplomatic, and is said to understand the Russian people thoroughly. Mr. Takahira does not belong to the titled class in Japan. Through efficient work he has risen from the ranks.

Charles F. Pfister, Milwaukee's leading capitalist, manufacturer, banker, street railway magnate, newspaper owner, hotel man and head and front of the stalwart or anti-La Follette faction in Wisconsin politics, was indicted by the grand jury together with four other victims of the graft investigation.

Aside from the BIG-CHARLES PFISTER, low defalcation, no sensation ever has stirred Wisconsin and the Northwest as did the news that flew over the country that the wealthiest citizen of Wisconsin and one of the foremost business men of the West—the man who saved the First National Bank when its president stole millions—had been caught in District Attorney Francis E. McGovern's dragnet.

Miss Anna Hoch, daughter of Governor Hoch, of Kansas, who christened the new battleship Kansas, is looked upon by the politicians of that State as one of the strongest gubernatorial influences. Although she is only just past her majority, she is close to her father in all of his administrative duties, and it is said that he consults her

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Miss

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GROWTH OF MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP IDEA.

I am personally in favor of the municipal ownership of all forms of industry that are necessarily municipal monopolies.

There are three theories of government—first, the Russian, that the people cannot take care of themselves, and the few must look after the many. Secondly, there is the police theory. Government should preserve order and keep off foreign aggression, but every man is for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. This is the theory of the eighties. We are now working toward the third. The state is an organism with intelligence, sensibility and will, as exhibited in public opinion, spirit and law. It has the right to do for itself anything it can do better than the individual. This is sometimes called socialism, but I have lived too long to mind about mere words.

We have already adopted the third theory of government. Our state policeman does many things. He builds lighthouses, runs a weather bureau and educates our children. In two cities he operates a subway and in all cities he maintains the parks. The state, in fact, is recognized as an organism to do things for all. This is far more democratic and implies a greater faith in humanity than individualism, for it means a belief in the faculty to cooperate.

The danger of municipal ownership is far less than the dangers from corrupt combinations of political machines and favored corporations. If the people can combine for war and education, why can they not do it for transportation?

HOPES BLIGHTED BY RICHES.

A lawyer the other day hazarded the remark that there were more fortunes made by deliberately blighting one's hopes for a career than by carrying them out.

Our firm drew up a contract recently," said he, "by which a young woman was given \$100,000 outright to renounce a vaudeville career of which she had made the beginning of a great success. She had been married, having made a runaway match against her parents' wishes. Her family disowned her. She decided to go on the stage. Her first appearance was an overwhelming success.

"It was now that the parents stepped forward with the long delayed offer of assistance. She had been advertised under the name she had borne in girlhood. To see their proud name advertised upon the vaudeville billboards was too much for the old couple, and they made over to her the sum mentioned upon the condition that she would retire at once and forever to private life.

"A young fellow who had great musical talents had for a father a practical business man, the owner of a brewery. One day an organist of note offered to give him musical training free of charge.

"It was now that the young man's father stepped in not only with a warning as to the utter impotency of the musical career, but with strict injunctions as to his duty in making something of himself as a business man. He also gave him increased responsibilities and a substantial increase in salary. The result is that now the man is overwhelmed with business of which he has been made trustee. He has no time for the music that his soul loves, and it

is the regret of his life that he did not take his opportunity when he had it.

"Recently a man of not unkind motives wrecked a fine artistic career. His nephew only needed a little timely help and sympathy to develop into a successful painter. His uncle, however, considered that he was going to the limit of irresponsible benevolence. He ignored him for a time, but when the struggle was at its hardest and he was handicapped by an ailing wife his uncle died and bequeathed his fortune to him upon the condition that he give up art altogether. He accepted the terms far more for his wife's sake than his own, but the loss of his life work and the abandonment of his ambitions broke his heart."

PROFANITY IS A FOOLISH HABIT.

What's the use of swearing? It never brought back a mispent hour, never mended an error, never made anything in this world better. There is profanity when things go wrong, profanity when they go right. If a clerk in an office drops a blot of ink on his paper he curses it. Everywhere among the lower ranks of workers there is to be heard profanity, and the boys coming to work, hearing those immediately over them indulge themselves thus, think it is good and right and proceed to devote much of their time to a broadening of their vocabulary along vicious lines.

One large employer who has expressed himself sharply on the subject says that the man who must resort to swearing to express himself no matter under what stress, is not the kind of a man who makes a good business man.

In social life he is still more of a failure. Few men care to spend much of their time in the company of a man who fills the air about him with foul oaths and obscenity. He is apt to become looked upon as a mild sort of outcast by clean talking men, and as his habit grows upon him he will be allowed plenty of time to try out his swear words on himself alone. It is absolutely a senseless habit, the use of all profanity, and its use marks a man as a fool in addition to being vicious.

SLOW MAN FAILURE IN BUSINESS.

His desk was a model of neatness, and it was a great pleasure to his employer to know that a paper might be discovered in a second. Each pigeon hole in the desk was marked and submarked; the inkstand never varied from its chosen spot an eighth of an inch; the paper weight the same. Dust was an enemy which was routed almost before it settled. Yet this employee had not advanced to anything higher than the position that was given him four years before.

It must not be said that the careless, untidy man will move faster in the business world than the clerk described. But the man with the ready brain, the quick, alert movements, and with originality is the one sought by the alert employer. Upon his desk may repose dust, his papers may be scattered about in the disorder, but his trained brain, his quickness of action and movement, win for him that which the slow man of system never gains.

System is indeed a necessity; it is the oil that smooths the wheels of commerce. But slow system is the dust that clogs the wheels. The business qualifications rank in order—keen judgment, prompt decision, complete knowledge of affairs, attention to details, and this last is not to be confounded with aggravating systematization carried to an extreme.

A PARABLE.

Together came two souls at Heaven's gate; Strangers to each in their transfigured state.

Before them stood the servant of the Lord— A shining angel with his flaming sword.

Then to one trembling spirit of the dead The guardian angel of the portal said:

"Dost thou mine earthly enemies forgive?"

"Aye," came the answer. Quoth the angel "Live."

Then said the angel to the other one:

"Unto this man great evil hast thou done."

"For him be it what fate is thine to say; As he shall judge, so shall it be this day."

In silence stood he there, and none may tell What dreams were his of torture and of Hell.

But when at last he dared uplift his eyes, While swung the gate, and there was Paradise!

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

HOW THEY SQUARED IT.

ONE day, after Deacon Albright had been a widower for a year, he came home from the village, half a mile away, to be told by his sister Sarah, who was keeping house for him, that a cow had broken down the fence and got into the cornfield.

"Whose cow is it?" was the natural inquiry.

"I dunno, but I think it is the widower Green's. I think it is that new cow she bought about three months ago."

"And why didn't you go down and drive her out?"

"You know why. I've got the rheumatism so I can hardly get around the house. I couldn't chase a cow a rod if my life depended on it."

The widow Green, living next west of the deacon's, had been a widow for three years, and it was common talk when Mrs. Albright passed away that she and the widower would make a match of it. The deacon had called occasionally, and had always been very good about lending tools and giving advice, but neither party had thought of the idea of marriage—not yet.

In early spring the widow had bought a cow, and that cow had jumped every fence on the deacon's land within two weeks, but he had always driven her back home without a word of complaint. On this occasion, however, the bovine had not only torn down a rod of fence and eaten her fill of juicy cornstalks, but destroyed in a split of mischief, and the deacon was vexed.

"I've stood it and stood it and stood it," he said to himself as he surveyed the damages, "but I can stand no longer. The widow Green must be made to understand that her cow can't go about like a roving lion, knocking down fences and trampling down corn. I estimate that she has damaged me

ten dollars' worth, and that widder has got to be sharply talked to."

He drove the cow to the home of her owner, giving her a vigorous whack on the way, whenever he could get near enough, and when he had reached the house and been saluted by Mrs. Green he said:

"Widder, I told you two months ago that your new cow was a jumper."

"Yes, you did."

"And that you must put a poke on her."

"Yes."

"Well, you didn't do it, and she's damaged me ten dollars. When I found her in my cornfield just now I almost wanted to kill her."

"I'm sorry, deacon," was the humble reply.

"But hein' sorry won't do," said the deacon, who felt that he had the advantage and should press it. "Jumplin' cows should be poked. I told you that long ago, but you don't seem to care two cents."

"I was goin' to poke her."

"But goin' to poke a cow and pokin' her are two different things. That was the way with Mirandy. She's dead, and I don't want to say anything against her, but she was always goin' to us, and never doin' us any harm."

"You're a widder woman, and I'm sorter sorry for you, but you must obey the law same as other folks. The law says that a jumplin' cow—"

"Never mind what the law says, deacon. Albright," interrupted the widow. "You are makin' a great fuss over a few stalks of corn, and if you'll tell me what the damage is I'll pay it. I never thought you was such a man."

"But you've got a jumplin' cow."

"Then let 'er jump. I stand ready to pay all damages."

"But you are mighty sassy about it."

"I've a right to be. I've got no man, thank heaven, to boss me around."

"It would be better if you had. Then you'd know that any one who owned a jumplin' cow was obligeed—"

"Deacon Albright, how much do I owe you?" exclaimed the woman.

"If 'twas any one else I'd say ten dollars, but bein' it's you—"

"I won't pay ten cents."

"Then I'll sue you for damages."

"You can sue till the chickens become ducks. You could boss Mirandy around and make her feel as humble as a cat, but you can't boss me. Go ahead with your old lawsuit."

slender suit. He heard that she was talking about him and he instituted another suit. Then the deacon's sister chipped in and had her say, and the widow began a third suit. The deacon had once saved her barn after it had been struck by lightning, and now he instituted a claim for salvage.

The law works slowly in a country town. A lawsuit is a thing to be hung onto as long as possible and made the most of. The first two suits were tried and appealed, and the two others were called and adjourned several times, and finally two years had passed away and no one was better off and no point had been settled.

One morning almost as soon as the deacon was out of bed he received notice that his spotted cow was lying dead in the widow Green's cornfield. The animal had broken down the fence and overfed. The deacon was met at the gate by the widow, who said:

"I could say that you had a jumplin' ox and that he should have been poked, and that you had damaged me ten dollars, but I shan't do anything of the sort. I lost a cow and you've lost an ox. I sued and you sued. I was a fool and you were ditto. Shant we shake hands and call it square?"

"I guess we'd better," the deacon replied, after taking a moment to think it over. "That is, provided you'll have me, and we both wear the same poke after this."

"Well, I don't mind. But dear me, what damages we were to go and lose two whole years over it!"—New York Daily News.

MRS. J. M. BARRIE.

Who Has Proved of Wonderful Assistance to Her Husband.

Very many indeed are the great men of letters and deeds who owe much of their success to their wives. Among the more popular novelists of the present day is J. M. Barrie, author of "The Little Minister," "A Window in Thurns," "Sentimental Tommy," etc., and he produced all of his best books after his marriage.

His tall, graceful wife has always been a great help to him. She is a typical English beauty and is the idol of her gifted husband. The two are inseparable. They live in the country and lead ideal lives with their flowers and pets, going up to London when the fancy seizes them and thoroughly enjoying life together. Mrs. Barrie is taller than her husband and towers above him in her regal beauty, for he is rather a small man.

Philosophy of the Old Scotchman. "Weel, John, how are you to-day?" asked the Scotch minister. "Goy weel, sir; goy weel," replied John cautiously. "Sku it wasna for the rheumatism in the right leg?" "Ah, John, there is no mistake, you are getting old like the rest of us, and old age doesn't come alone."

"Auld age, sir?" returned John. "I wouder to hear ye, Auld age has naething to dae wi' me. Here's my lither leg list as auld, an' it's soond and soople yet."

BEATEN GENERAL'S FATE.

ILL-FORTUNE FOLLOWS OFFICERS WHO FAIL IN TEST OF ACTION.

The Land of the Great Bear Has Sel-dom Permitted Defeated Leaders of Her Army and Navy Long to Survive Their Downfall.

Russia has several beaten generals at the present time, and the question is what will eventually become of them.

The Land of the Great Bear has sel-dom permitted the leaders of her army and navy to long survive their downfall, notwithstanding statements to the contrary, and there are several instances of Russians, "once shining lights in barracks, rooms and naval dockyards, who have taken leave of life both obscurely and tragically."

It was not so very long ago that a famous general, at one time honored all over Russia, died by his own hand at a German gambling spa. He had erred during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-8, and in consequence the troops under his command had met with an unexpected disaster.

After the war the general left St. Petersburg in disgrace and, under an assumed name, took up his residence in Germany. He dissipated his fortune at gambling places, and when he had come to his last penny he became a "handy man," eking out a bare existence by running errands, doing odd jobs and distributing bills.

Being unable to recover his self-respect and manhood, he sought release by suicide. He shot himself at a gambling spa, and when his body was searched not a single coin was found upon him.

Again, a leader of the Russians during the Crimean War died in abject poverty in an attic in the Latin Quarter of Paris. He had lost fifteen thousand men at Inkerman, and his commission was taken from him.

He went to France and led a bohemian life for many years, making a good income by composing musical pieces. The money he earned he spent in riotous living, and one morning he was found dead in his attic after a heavy drinking bout.

According to the Echo de Paris, Captain Klado, who was the chief Russian witness before the North Sea Commission, has been deprived at St. Petersburg of all his appointments and functions, except that of professor at the Military Academy.

It would be interesting to follow the future fortunes of this gentleman, for it is certainly doubtful whether his colleagues at the Military Academy will permit him to long survive his downfall.

Japan is very harsh on her defeated officers, both naval and military. During the present war in the Far East a naval lieutenant, who failed to carry out a task set him, was publicly told by his chief to cover his disgrace by committing suicide.

A sheet was strung on the deck of the lieutenant's gunboat, and behind this was placed an armchair and a table. On the latter was a sharp knife, wrapped in a piece of clean paper. The lieutenant bowed to his comrades, went behind the sheet, sat in the chair and picked up the knife.

The official reports stated that the lieutenant had died distinguishing himself in action, and the Emperor granted him a posthumous medal.

After our troops had entered Peking and sacked the Summer Palace of the Emperor, a Chinese general known as the chief of the "dragon slayers," who allowed his troops to be badly beaten, had his commission taken from him and was publicly degraded.

For a long time his wretched figure was to be seen in the streets of the capital, with gyves on his limbs and a board round his neck as a punishment.

For many years a shabbily-dressed elderly man wandered aimlessly about Madrid. At one time he was one of the most mighty of the French marshals, and his tunic blazed with gold lace and jeweled orders.

He had risen from the ranks, but misfortune came to him when he started out to meet the Germans, as leader of half a million men. Accompanying him to the front were innumerable valets, grooms, and secretaries, yet he came back to Paris not as a mighty conqueror, but as a broken, friendless man.

He had, in the eyes of the Republic, disgraced himself, and popular prejudice drove him from his native country. He went to Madrid, and fell lower and lower down the social scale, until he became a beggar, both in language and habits.

Another general who became a barber was the leader of the Persians, whom Sir James Outram crushed just before the Indian Mutiny broke out. The Shah degraded him, and after several more or less exciting adventures he came down to be a barber at Bagdad.

Numbers of wandering Britons allowed the fallen "glant" to shave them, and as he wielded the razor he related his many exploits.

Admiral Villeneuve, who was beaten by Nelson at Trafalgar, was never forgiven by Napoleon, and he became a homeless wanderer, living at cheap and even disreputable hotels.

His income, after his disgrace, was said to be under 100 pounds a year, and when he died he was heavily in debt.—Pearson's Weekly.

Society and Peace. Even in the days of peace we shall find that so-called encouragement was by no means a boon to Art. The self-complacency of Society is apt to make itself believe that patronage is everything. On the contrary, the word "patronage" is in itself an insult.

If Society really cared for good Art it would approach it with the respect due to all the noble functions of life. As it is, painting has been often called to the degrading service of Society.

It was this that made the great Tang painter Yen-tsi-pien tell his children that he would disown them if they ever learned to paint. Master

Huck has said that if the fowls had wings they would fly away at the approach of man. I would not blame them if they ever flew away from the cruelties of horticulture. Art, the flower of thought, has also no wings. Its roots are bound to humanity. It is painful to think how it has been trimmed, cut and tortured by unfeeling hands to be confined in a vessel for temporary admiration. Sotoba, a Sung poet, has remarked, "Men are not ashamed to wear flowers, but what of the flowers?" If the Buddhist idea of retribution is to be believed, the flowers must have committed terrible crimes in their former lives! Let us hope for the painters a better incarnation in their next.—International Quarterly.

A Happy Thought. "What are the suggestions of the day?"

The greatest philanthropist of the age turned anxiously to his private secretary. "Remember," he said, half-severely, "we must give away ten millions more before the week is over. I simply can't stand it to have money accumulate in this reckless manner. We must get rid of it."

The secretary did not immediately reply.

"I am afraid it's hopeless," said the great philanthropist. "The National Theatre says they can't take another cent. Every missionary society is black with cash. The old sailors are smoking dollar cigars. Universities are storing books in barrels in their cellars. Speak, man, your face is lighting up. Have you an idea?"

"I have, indeed," said the private secretary. "Have no fear, all will be well. Here's a man who has given me a clew."

And with a glad smile of relief the philanthropist read from some unknown correspondent as follows: "Why not endow a good comfortable home for decrepit millionaires who have given away all their money?"—Life.

Father and Son.

Kidnapped twenty years ago by his nurse, James M. Leydon, formerly a driver for the Adams Express Company in Chicago, found his father while standing in front of the post office at Aurora.

Leydon learned some time ago from friends at Aurora that the name "Sly," by which he was known, was not his right name and, satisfied that he had been the victim of a kidnapping plot, he determined to find his parents.

He consulted the city directory of Aurora and tramped the streets for a week, when he saw an aged man enter the Aurora post office. A gleam of recognition passed between them, and the older rushed toward the youth, and after a pause inquired his name.

James Leydon then explained how he had placed his son in the family of Mr. and Mrs. John Sly, of Aurora, who had afterwards disappeared with the boy. James went home with his father and there found his brothers and sisters. Then he learned that he had lived for twenty years within forty miles of his kin.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Great Writers Not Correct Writers. There is not a single great author in our literature in whose works numerous errors have not been pointed out, or thought to be pointed out. They are charged with violating rules involving the purity if not the permanence of the language. A somewhat depressing inference follows from the situation thus revealed.

The ability to write English correctly does not belong to the great masters of our speech. It is limited to the obscure men who have devoted themselves to the task of showing how far these vaunted writers have fallen short of the ideas of linguistic propriety entertained by their unrecognized betters.

As a result of the critical crusades there is no escape from the dismal conclusion that the correct use of the language is not to be found in the authors whom every one reads.

A pleasure, but is an accomplishment reserved exclusively for those whom nobody can succeed in reading at all.—Professor R. Lounsbury, in Harper's Magazine.

Music as Medicine. Place the tips of the first, second and third fingers of your right hand on the artery that runs along the main bone of your left arm (where the doctor usually feels your pulse), and sing a tune, the time of which is the same as the rhythm of your pulse (the last time I tried this upon myself, the first four of five pulsations I felt instantly suggested "March On, Christian Soldier"); then change abruptly to a slow tune, say, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," rendered andante religioso; and, lastly, burst out into the liveliest "Yankee Doodle" you can sing; and if you carefully observe your pulse at the end of each performance, you will notice that the action of your heart has been affected in every case by the tempo of the music you have sung.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Demand for Dirt. It doesn't take much to give a man a reputation for meanness. Even the sickly grass plots on upper Broadway have earned it by refusing to give away pails of earth.

"We had to shut down some time," said one of the misers. "If we hadn't we wouldn't have had any dirt left to beautify the landscape. Folks in this town are the biggest beggars you ever saw. No sooner is a cartload of dirt to plant flowers in or to make and down the street swarm around with pails that they want filled with dirt to plant flowers in or to make mud pies with. With all that demand we simply had to be mean!"—New York Press.

In the territory under Japanese control the war has been of considerable benefit to a large section of the population, says Engineering. The exemplary conduct of the Japanese troops has prevented any loss or damage from their presence; while the demands of their commissariat have been very advantageous to the farmers.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 10, 1905.

The Live-Giving Stream.—Ezekiel 47: 1-12.

Golden Text.—Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.—Rev. 22:17.

Ezekiel must have been one of the earlier Babylonian captives. He appears to have been one of those carried off in the time of Jehoiachin, eleven years before the fall of Jerusalem. He was a contemporary with Daniel whom he mentions incidentally. Very likely the two men were intimate friends. At all events they would know of each other's work.

The greater part of Ezekiel's prophesying, up to chapter 33, consisted of warnings and proclamations of doom against Judea and the surrounding nations. But when the Jews actually found themselves in captivity he turned his prophesying into a study of the future of the land. It was then full of hope, and consolation, and promise of future blessings. He tells then of the coming restoration of Israel and of the wonderful blessings which God had in store for them.

After hearing with them as long as was possible God punished His people with a great punishment. But He was sorry for them. He wanted so much to bless them. And He wished that they might yet be the means of showing the goodness of His character to the world. The result of their sin was that God had been misrepresented before the nations. Speaking through Ezekiel God says: "But I had pity for My holy name, which the house of Israel had profaned among the heathen whither they went. . . . And I will sanctify My great name . . . and the heathen shall know that I am the Lord."

Of course, in order that this result might be attained God's people must be made holy again, and the prophet goes on to say in God's name: "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean, from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and cause you to walk in My statutes, and ye shall keep My judgments, and do them. And ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers, and ye shall be My people, and I will be your God." Such is the tenor of Ezekiel's later prophesying.

At times, however, Ezekiel's prophecies are of broader scope and speak in a mystical way of a great Kingdom that is to be a Kingdom of the Lord not restricted to any place or people. Ezekiel himself would probably have refused to say exactly what was meant by many of his prophecies. In a general way he understood that God promised great things to His peculiar people and through them to the world. And Ezekiel naturally had the Jews mind in mind when he prophesied, and would apply his prophecies to them, though, as we can now see, they had much larger meanings.

All the prophets were mystics. A mystic is one who uses language that means more than it expresses, who sets you thinking instead of telling you all you want to know; as when Jesus said, "This is My body; this is My blood. We may know positively from the present use of mystical language in the Bible that there are truths which the words used to express can grow into a perception of when put before it mystically, but that would be either contemptuously rejected or grossly misconceived if stated in explicit language.

We are apt to think we are able and willing to perceive any truth if it is only put as we would say "straight before us," but the truth is very far from that. Faith is necessary to the perception of spiritual truth and the manner of announcing spiritual truths which calls faith into fullest exercise is the most effective manner.

Notes. Verses 1-5.—In the last nine chapters of Ezekiel's prophecy we have a description of God's world-wide Kingdom. It was to begin at Jerusalem, but was to spread out from thence. The Temple, every part of which, every measurement of which, was sacred to the Jews, was taken as a type of the holy place that was to be. And the prophecy in part was fulfilled when the Temple was rebuilt. But the prophecy of the holy waters that flowed from the Temple was only to be fulfilled by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in connection with the preaching of the gospel.

Water, in the dry country of Palestine, typified life. Where there was water things grew plentifully; where there was none there was a desert. The river flowing from God's House stands then for life given by God, and given in abundance. And the things come from Him freely. His best gifts are given most abundantly and most freely.

Verses 6-12.—Ezekiel is called "son of man," because he is treated as a representative man, as standing between God and the people.

When the angel had practically demonstrated to him the immensity of the river flowing from the Temple, he took Ezekiel back to the shore and made him contemplate the effects of the river upon the country which it watered. It was a beautiful tree country that he looked upon. But what he could see was but a small part of what the river would water. The angel described the course of the river. It would go down into the desert country and into the sea. And everywhere it went it would bring life.

The river and the blessings it brought were not material things, but typical of the blessings that would flow out from the true Temple, or dwelling place of God to regenerate the world. For this river is the same that John saw flowing from the throne of God and nourishing the tree of life whose leaves were for the healing of the nations.

There are many spiritually barren places yet in the world, many shut in seas that have become stagnant and full of harmful matter. (The sea is an emblem of the people in their multitude.) They are waiting till the waters from the river of life will reach them. Then new life will spring up. The nations that have been stagnant will become progressive and full of health.

Church and Clergy. The Euclid Avenue Baptist church, Cleveland, Ohio, is planning to build a twelfth-story church.

The Salvation fathers and Benedictine missionaries report great progress this year in upper Brazil.

The Society of Saint Charles, king and martyr, of England, has presented a brass ceremonial cross to St. Paul's chapel, Chester, Pa.

Bishop Hartzell estimates that the white man's run is responsible for the death of 200,000 black men in Africa every year through the diseases that it induces.

The Rev. Charles W. Kierkeby, assistant of the Church of the Holy Rood, New York City, formerly senior assistant of St. James', has accepted the unanimous call to the rectory of St. Paul's church, Canton, Ohio.

Inconceivable. The matter is one of such vital importance that it will certainly receive the careful attention of the next Congress, and it is not to be doubted that the Canal Commission will be instructed to purchase its supplies of American manufacturers and dealers, so far as this can be done under a fair system of competition. It is inconceivable that a different policy will be approved by a Congress favorable to the protection of American industries and labor.—Omaha Bee.

Slens, Italy, is famous for the large hats of its women, and the long horns of its cattle. The hats, which we know in America as Leghorn hats, are a peculiar product of Slens, although they are known abroad by the name of the city from which they are exported.

Political Comment.

The Freeperson South. The mercantile agency reports which show remarkable activity throughout the country find an echo in accounts of rapid railroad extension in many localities, especially in the South, which is having a full share of the prevailing prosperity and a rather extraordinary industrial development. Statements made on the authority of experts who have made close and general observation of the situation show that within a few weeks between 300 and 400 miles of new track have been laid, and that 2,500 miles are under construction and approaching completion, while roads recently chartered will build 1,200 miles, and several thousand miles additional are in contemplation. What is significant about this work is that it is intended largely to supplement what has already been accomplished. That is, very much of the new mileage is necessary in order to accommodate business waiting to be done and to provide access to regions which are certain to be important feeders to existing systems.

All this is most pleasing and reassuring. While the South is directly benefited and enriched by the new transit facilities provided and by the opportunities thus afforded to reach profitable markets for its products, the whole country shares in the gain. Notably is this true of the increased extent to which Northern centers of industry are brought into touch with the crude materials of the South. For instance, the new railroad mileage which is under way in the South will give far better chances for obtaining ore, coal and other products of importance to many localities. In turn the South, besides a ready sale for its commodities, will be in a position to make large purchases in the North of what it wants and cannot readily obtain at home. In a broad sense it is emphatically true in this case, as in many others, that what helps one helps all. The more rapidly the South builds railroads and acquires wealth, which means purchasing capacity, the better it will be not only for that sunny region, but for the whole country.—Troy Times.

Protection and the Republic. No one has fathomed the protective tariff in an absolute sense, for it is as profound as the republic, and the republic expresses the loftiest aspirations of the human mind in the political sphere. It is one of the exhaustless themes, and will be the study of statesmen, for all time to come. It explains the perpetuity and pre-eminence of republican government, and is

Crawford Avalanche.

O. P. M. M. R. Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year	\$1.00
Six Months	.50
Three Months	.25

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, SEP. 7.

Proceedings of the Common Council.

[OFFICIAL.]

GRAYLING, Sept. 4, 1905.

Regular meeting of the Common Council convened at the Court House.

President pro tem, A. E. Michelson in the chair.

Present Trustees Olson, Connine, Brink and McCullough.

Absent, Trustee Hum and President Bauman.

Meeting called to order by the president pro tem.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

Moved by Olson, and supported by Brink, that the report of the finance committee be accepted and orders drawn for the several amounts. Motion carried.

REPORT.

To the President and Trustees of the Common Council of the Village of Grayling. We recommend that the following bills be allowed as follows:

1. C. Howland, Rebate	\$81.91	81.91
2. C. Howland, do	8.12	8.12
3. C. Howland, do	15.62	15.62
4. G. Biggs, Labor	1.65	1.65
5. Chas. Waldron, Labor	5.77	5.77
6. C. Robinson, Labor	29.75	29.75
7. W. McCullough, team-work	24.00	24.00
8. A. E. Newman, surveying	2.50	2.50
9. A. H. Amos, do	1.00	1.00
10. J. H. Shultz, tax rec.	5.00	5.00
11. R. W. Brink, registering of deeds	1.50	1.50
12. M. Simpson, Chief of Fire Department	18.50	18.50

Bill of Stillwell & Foreman referred back to the street commissioner for certification.

Signed C. O. McCULLOUGH, R. D. CONNINE, Finance Com.

Moved by Connine and supported by Olson, that the report of the finance committee in regard to the settlement with the village treasurer, be accepted. Motion carried.

REPORT.

Total amount of tax roll, 1905.....\$1,621.02

Total amount collect. by Village Treas. \$1,594.91

Delinquent Tax.....23.11

Error in Tax Roll.....3.00

Total.....\$1,621.02 1,621.02

Signed R. D. CONNINE, C. O. McCULLOUGH, Finance Com.

Moved by Olson, supported by Connine, that the petition of Hans Peter Hanson et al., in regard to the construction of a drain on Peninsular Avenue and Ingham str., be referred to the street committee for investigation. Motion carried.

Moved by Connine, supported by McCullough, that the village clerk render Kerry & Hanson a bill for 1830 loads of gravel, at 5c per load. Motion carried.

Moved by McCullough, supported by Connine, that the petition of M. Simpson, Chief of Fire Department, be laid on the table.

Motion carried.

Moved and supported that we adjourn. Motion prevailed.

H. P. OLSON, Village Clerk.

The Farmer's Picnic.

The Farmer's Picnic, held on Thursday last under the direction of the Crawford County Farmers Association was another one of those events which will be remembered for many years by those who were there.

A nasty rain in the morning prevented many who lived at a distance from being present but those who did come had no cause for regrets.

Dinner was announced at about 1 o'clock and if some of our able (?) State Forestry Commission had been there they must certainly have been ashamed that they had ever even suggested the idea that the "farmers of Crawford County would starve out in a few years anyway". The table was loaded with viands with which no one could have found fault.

After dinner a short program was presented consisting of recitations, music and addresses.

Then came the business session for the members of the Association only. The new By Laws were adopted with no changes whatever.

The election of officers was the next on the program and the following were elected:

President—Henry Faneck.

Vice President—John Shively.

Secretary—Arthur W. Parker.

Treasurer—Fred Parker.

At the close of the business session everybody, officers and all, went in for a good time. The dancing commenced soon after, which was enjoyed immensely by old and young alike, even some of our old members joining in when the word was announced that "The next dance will be the Old Fashioned Opera Reel". The reel was led by "Uncle Daniel" Waldron followed by some that were but little younger than himself.

A short base ball game and a horse race lent their share toward the enjoyment of the day.

The management wishes to extend the thanks of the Association to their Marshal Mr. Theo. Odell who exerted himself to the utmost that the good order should be entertained and that a good time should be guaranteed to all. Come Again.

"Uncle Sile"

Johannesburg Correspondence.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hartwick of Jackson have been welcome visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Michelson.

The family of E. L. Jameson have moved to Boyne City.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Dudd returned from an extended trip through the central and southern parts of the state, and report a pleasant time.

The hum of the threshing machine is now heard up in our land.

Gingell Bros. have received their new steam hay press and a trial on the farm of S. Sheridan proves it to be a hummer.

Ray Amidon of Grayling was the guest of Clarence and Ralph Claggett a few days last week.

O. Palmer of Grayling visited our city last week. Up on business, home on the flyer.

Fred Burd has moved into the residence lately vacated by E. L. Jameson.

The large saw in the band mill, ran off the pulleys, and the men, ran out of the mill one day last week. No damage and no one hurt.

Mrs. Ed Sorenson of Grayling was visiting old friends in our city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Frary of Toledo, Ohio are guests of S. S. Claggett and Family. They are enjoying the beautiful scenery surrounding our village.

The market is well supplied with a fine variety of apples brought in by the farmers.

Mrs. Thos. Walking and son of Grayling are guests of Mrs. H. Dudd.

Mrs. Emma Nelson of Grayling decided to spend her vacation in our village and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sleight.

Mr. Horace Wilson was seriously injured Monday while unloading logs from the cars at the mill. Several logs passed over his body. Dr. H. W. Knapp attended him.

Miss Ruby Claggett is home again after a weeks vacation with old playmates at Grayling.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Palmer, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Will Russell, returned to their home at Unionville, delighted with our city and its surroundings.

Mr. Moore has an eye for business, as he has added to his jewelry stock, an up to date line of groceries.

WINDY

John A. Love the oldest farmer in Beaver Creek Township, not in years, but in his residence there brought us a liberal sample of a new potato which he has grown three years from a ball taken from the Early Hubron. The new one is an improvement over the parent, in quantity and yield, and is much earlier. Mr. Love will dig over 50 bushels this year, so that hereafter he can supply plenty of seed.

Like Finding Money.

Finding health is like finding money—so think those who are sick. When you have a cough, cold, sore throat, or chest irritation, better act promptly like W. C. Barber of Sandy Level, Va. He says: "I had a terrible chest trouble, caused by smoke and coal dust on my lungs; but, after finding no relief in other remedies, I was cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds." Greatest sale of any cough or lung medicine in the world. At L. Fournier drug store; 50c and \$1.00; guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

TOURS TO COLORADO AND CALIFORNIA. CHOOSE TIME, ROUTE AND WHAT TO SEE.

On numerous dates, May to October, 1905, excursion rates are in effect to Colorado, California and the Pacific Northwest. By specifying "Rock Island" west of Chicago, you secure the most for your money in the way of sights to see and side trips to take. Stop off in Colorado, take in the Rocky Mountain resorts, visit Yellowstone Park, then to Portland Exposition. Return via California. Information from John Sebastian, Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island System, Chicago.

Are You Engaged?

Engaged people should remember, that after marriage, many quarrels can be avoided, by keeping their digestions in good condition with Electric Bitters. S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., says: "For years, my wife suffered intensely from dyspepsia, complicated with a torpid liver, until she lost her strength and vigor, and became a mere wreck of her former self. Then she tried Electric Bitters, which helped her at once, and finally made her entirely well. She is now strong and healthy. L. Fournier druggist, sells and guarantees them, at 50c a bottle.

Coming State Fair.

On the state fair grounds at Detroit, Sept. 11-16, may be seen twin model horse barns, which are superior to similar structures on any state fair grounds in the country. These buildings are the pride of everyone of the fair officers and especially of Secretary I. H. Butterfield, who made the original design. These barns are built of steel with brick piers and represent the highest development of barn building for fair exhibition purposes. They are 270 feet long and 150 feet wide. This space contains 100 box stalls, and will house 300 animals. In the center is a show ring with seats for 300 people, and a range for exercising 150 feet in length.

With permanent grounds advantageously located on the outskirts of the city of Detroit and new buildings costing more than \$150,000, the 56th annual state fair gives every promise of a successful exhibition of Michigan's agricultural and industrial products. Liberal premiums have attracted the attention of live stock breeders and agriculturists, and the display in these lines will be unusually heavy. Seventeen races will be held on the new one mile circle for which purses worth \$7,600 have been hung up. The meeting of the Michigan Trotting and Pacing Circuit will be held at the Fair grounds during the week of September 11-16.

A novelty has been arranged for the last day of the Fair in the automobile races, in which manufacturers of the State will start their cars. Other features are the daily flight of Roy Knabenshue the Toledo aeronaut in his dirigible balloon famous because it is the only airship yet invented capable of flying against a head wind, and Pain's Spectacular Fireworks display every evening. "The Fall of Port Arthur." Transportation facilities are excellent both for shippers and visitors.

Monday was a welcome time for the exsoldiers, over sixty of whom had their pension vouchers executed for the quarter.

TRY Sleepy Eye FLOUR.

For sale only by CONNINE & CO.

2d floor of Avalanche Building, Grayling, Mich.

I can fit You with glasses that will be a physical benefit to you. Call and be convinced of my ability to please you.

H. A. BLAKELEY, At Fournier's.

J. A. Leighton, M. D.

OFFICE WORK ONLY.

2d floor of Avalanche Building, Grayling, Mich.

New Music.

We have just placed in stock a fine assortment of new Songs, Waltzes and Two-steps, all sold at half price, 25c each.

Central Drug Store.

Fifty Years the Standard DR.

PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

A Cream of Tartar Powder Made From Grapes No Alum

EXCURSIONS TO THE WEST



Address JOHN SEBASTIAN, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Rock Island System, CHICAGO.

Send Colorado booklet and rates.

Name _____

Address _____

Leave about _____

Destination _____

Rock Island System SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

Go TO

Salling, Hanson & Co.

The Leading Dealers in

Dry Goods,

Furnishing Goods,

Groceries, Shoes,

Hardware, Flour, Feed.

Also Dealers in

Logs, Lumber, Shingles, Lath,

Paint, Glass, Nails, Patty and

Building Material of every kind.

Farmers, call

And get prices before disposing of your products and profit thereby.

NELSON SHARPE, Circuit Judge.

O. PALMER, Solicitor for Complainant. jul27-7w

Climatic Cures.

The influence of climatic conditions in the cure of consumption is very much overdrawn. The poor patient and the rich patient, too, can do much better at home by proper attention to food digestion, and a regular use of German Syrup. Free expectoration in the morning is made certain by German Syrup, so is a good nights rest and the absence of that weakening Cough and debilitating night sweat. Restless nights and the exhaustion due to coughing, the greatest danger and dread of the consumptive, can be prevented or stopped by taking German Syrup liberally and regularly. Should you be able to go to a warmer climate, you will find that of the thousands of consumptives there, the few that are benefited and regain strength are those who use German Syrup. Trial bottles 25c, regular size 75c. Fournier Drug Store.

To the Pacific Coast—to California, Oregon, Washington—round-trip, long transit and return limits, liberal stop-over privileges.

The rate is practically on the basis of one fare for the round trip. Of course, if you wish to visit both California and Oregon or Washington, the cost is slightly more.

These reduced rates are in effect on certain dates in months of May to October, inclusive. They apply from all Eastern points via Chicago, St. Louis or Memphis gateways. The Rock Island System will take you up in either Chicago or St. Louis, or at hundreds of other Middle West points and carry you to the Coast in through Standard or Tourist Sleepers with unexcelled Dining Car service. The Rock Island also affords a choice of routes: on the "Scenic" route you can stop off in Colorado—see Salt Lake City—visit Yellowstone National Park; on the "Southern" route you can go via El Paso, thru New Mexico, then "up coast" to San Francisco and on to Portland or Seattle if desired.

In short, these Pacific Coast excursions offer an unusually good chance to see our western country in a comprehensive manner.

If you desire to go only as far as Colorado, there are excursion rates in effect to that section and return, all summer long, specially reduced June 30 to July 4, August 12 and 13, and August 30 to September 4. Extension trips to Ogden or Salt Lake and return at low cost also.

From September 15 to October 31, 1905, one-way tourist or "colonist" tickets will be on sale to California and the Pacific Northwest—about half regular fare.

If interested, send name and address on this coupon, designating which booklet wanted and to what point you plan to go. Name probable date of start also, so we can advise definitely with respect to rates, etc.

Send Colorado booklet and rates.

Name _____

Address _____

Leave about _____

Destination _____

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Job Printing

Promptly and neatly done,

At this office.

A. G. HENDRICKSON

The Tailor!

Originator and Introducer of Fine Garments for Men.

If you could see yourself as others can see you, would you not come in and look through our fine sample line for spring and summer and get one of our well made and

Stylish Suits.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

Shop Over Chris. Hansen's Saloon

Grayling, Mich.

McMILLAN'S Restaurant

And Ice Cream Parlor.

(Next door to Jorgenson's store.)

Meals at all hours. Short order work a specialty. Fresh Bread, Cake, Pies. Office for long distance telephone.

A. C. Smith. Veterinary Surgeon

Grayling, Mich.

Will answer professional calls from Grayling. jul-5

The Old Reliable BARBER SHOP

SCOTT LOADER, Prop.

A Good Shave or Hair Cut.

Agency for Roberts's Laundry, Saginaw.

City Barber Shop.

A new shop, fitted up with every convenience.

CARL W. KREPKKE, Prop.

Located Next to Grayling Mercantile Company's Store.

GRAYLING, MICH.

AGENT FOR STEIN LAUNDRY, DAY CITY.

The McKay House.

A. Pearsall, Propr.

Rate - \$1.00 Per Day

Special Attention to the Commercial Trade. Feed Barn in Connection, convenient for Farmers and Lumbermen.

Frederic Items.

A photographer in town.

Mrs. Nichols of Bay City is visiting relatives here.

Mr. Rhine, of Vanderbuilt, now runs the commercial house. F. Truedua having gone in to the restaurant.

School next week, which makes the children glad and the parents also.

Mrs. Mc. Grigor of Tuscola County the mother of Mrs. J. Willits, is making her a visit.

Mrs. Crawford and daughter Ella have gone to their old home in Lexington.

Mrs. Cameron is enjoying a visit from her two daughters Emma and Carrie.

Some from here attended the Masonic bly-out at Gaylord last Tuesday night. The engineer was in so great a hurry to get home he started up before all were off the train carrying some quite a distance before they were let off. Miss Anna Jendron falling and hurting herself to such an extent she had to be helped home.

The outlook is, we will have three teachers this year. The school board are having one room finished upstairs which will be a great improvement.

Sid Barber was entertained at Port Huron last week as one of Michigan's Road Commissioners.

Commissioner Bradley was in town Monday last.

Ernest Richard left here last Saturday going to Wolverine.

Mrs. Blanche Smith of Roscommon is visiting her parents here Mr. and Mrs. George Guard.

Miss Lottie Inglis returned to her school in Pinconning.

The Sir Knights will give a dance Friday evening.

Mrs. George McCullough's smiling face was in town last week; all were glad to see her.

Mrs. J. A. Inglis was called to Grayling last Monday night.

Mrs. W. A. Coomer went to Toledo, Ohio, last week.

COLLECT CROP STATISTICS.

The government system of crop reporting is really a wonderful scheme, and the reporting force is a peculiar organization. It is composed of about 250,000 agents scattered all over the land and is probably the least expensive organization, in view of its size, in existence. The total appropriation for the support of the bureau of statistics is only \$100,000 a year. Out of this sum must be paid the salaries of the chief statisticians, a large corps of associate statisticians and assistants and many agricultural experts, all located at Washington; then come the field men, the State agents, the county correspondents and the township reporters, aggregating, all told, 250,000 men. It is an enormous agency, and it is kept going at small expense from a tiny 6 by 10 office in an annex of the agricultural department building.

Of course the entire force is not called on in the compilation of the ordinary monthly crop reports. Twice a year the chief calls on all of his force for information. The reports refer especially to the cereals then in season. In June, for example, the report gives a statement of the condition of the wheat, oat and barley crop. In July corn is included with the other crops. In midsummer a mammoth report is sent out embodying the opinions of the entire force of 250,000 forecasters, and at harvest time another similar report is issued.

It is a fact that the foundation of

The issuing of a completed report is quite a ceremonial affair. On the eventful morning of the day on which it is to appear the Secretary of Agriculture or his assistant goes over to the office of the chief statistician to witness the opening of the envelopes. The door of the office is locked, and no one is permitted to enter until the compilation is completed. The clerks keep to their tasks until the final results are reached. After repeated verification a trusted employee is called into the room and set at work running off the reports on a mimeographic machine. Meanwhile the reporters and messengers from the brokers and telegraph offices are waiting impatiently in the corridor for the door to open, and when it does the mad scampering begins.

Of course it is inevitable that there should be much preliminary guesswork in interested quarters as to the tenor of the expected report. It is equally inevitable that these guesses should occasionally prove to be correct. Whenever it happens thus, there is an immediate charge of crookedness against the bureau. It has been so since its organization, and it has been threatened repeatedly with investigation. In spite of the effort that has been made to prevent it, the department officials do not deny that crookedness has been practiced. They insist, however, that it has not been the rule.

When the Department of Agriculture was created, in 1862, and put in charge

TIGERS A PUBLIC MENACE.

Savage Beasts Kill People and Stock in Mexico.

Tigers, driven from their mountain lairs in the territory of Tepic by the scarcity of food, continue to ravage the haciendas of the valleys, says the Mexican Herald. They are becoming such a general danger that the municipal authorities have offered a reward of \$10 for every tiger's skin.

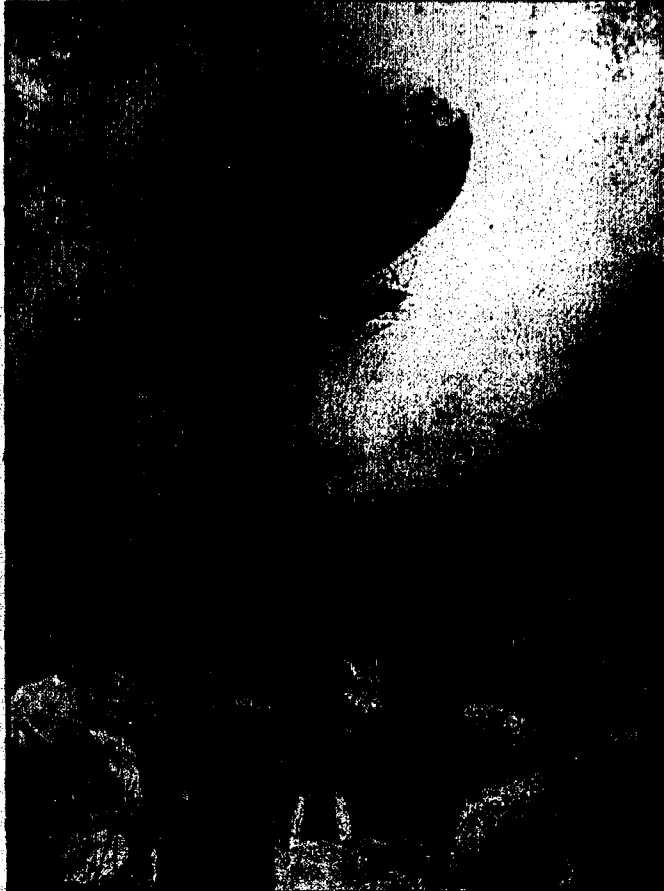
For several months great numbers of the animals have swarmed through the marshes of the lowlands along the coast and in the valleys of the territory of Tepic, having been driven out of the States of Sinaloa and Sonora by the floods and the extremely cold weather. The damage caused to the haciendas and the danger incurred by the presence of the animals was such that many of them offered rewards for the skins of the animals some time ago.

The tigers, however, seem to like the warm weather and the good food that they are getting in Tepic and instead of decreasing their numbers have greatly increased within the last few weeks. Now the municipal authorities of the territory have also offered a reward for the skins of the animals.

The tigers have become so bold that they will enter houses on the plantations and help themselves to whatever comes in their path. Several deaths are reported in different parts of the territory. In many sections of the State it is necessary to have armed guards stationed at night to insure the safety of the other people in the settlements.

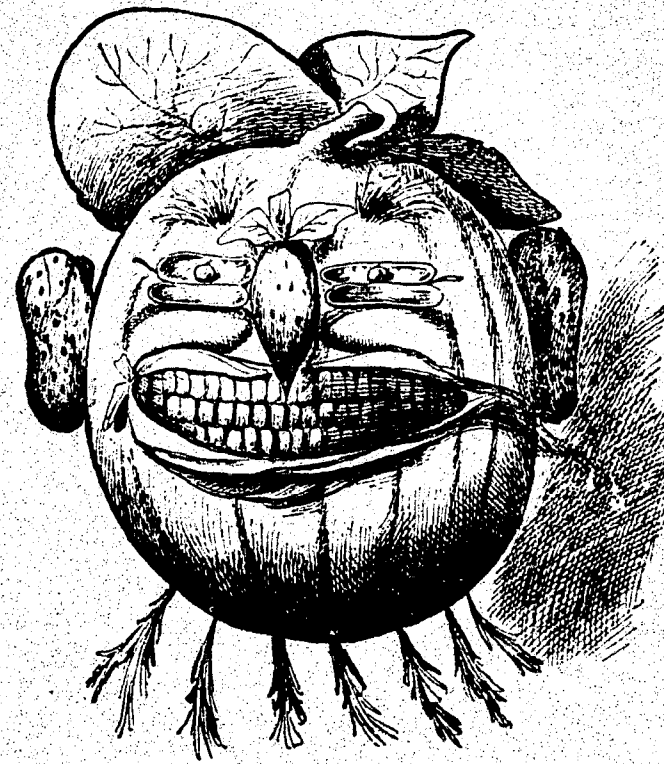
Live stock is suffering more than anything else. With the slight provi-

ENGLISH AIRSHIP WRECKED.



The airship which Dr. F. A. Barton and F. L. Rawson have been constructing at Alexandria palace for the English war office was tried recently. The results were fairly satisfactory during the flight, but the airship came to a disastrous end after arriving at Romford. The vessel tapered in front like the bows of an ordinary ship and a large rudder was fitted at the stern. The propelling power was supplied by two fifty horse power motors. Each motor drove a pair of two-blade propellers which lay on each side of the ship and were driven by belts. The propellers were seven feet in diameter, and each motor equipment was separately controlled. The ship was provided with tanks of aeroplanes. The total weight of the airship was about 14,000 pounds. The balloon measured 180 feet in length and 40 feet in diameter; 600 carboys of vitrol and fifty tons of iron borings were used for the manufacture of the hydrogen gas. After elaborate preliminaries the airship got under way and ascended some 2,400 feet. The wind, however, caused the experimenters great trouble, and the steering was not all that they had hoped. The vessel came down on the farther side of Romford. The descent was accomplished almost successfully, but as the four aeroplanes had congregated at one end of the platform, earth was no longer reached than the stern of the ship rose suddenly and Mr. Spencer found it necessary to cut the balloon open. The gas rushed out with a roar, the car crashed to the ground and went practically to pieces.

ALL READY FOR THE STATE FAIR.



FRAUDS IN THE MAILS.

Assistant Attorney General Who Hunts Crooks.

Every year many people find themselves cut off from the privilege of the mails. No matter how many letters are coming to them or how much money they contain, the postmaster refuses delivery; the letters and the money go back to the senders. That is what happens when a fraud order is issued. In a sunny corner of the administrative floor of the Postoffice Department at Washington is a lawyer, keen and round, who looks after that particular kind of business. It is a very large business, for in the twelve months of the last fiscal year Assistant Attorney General R. P. Goodwin was instrumental in excluding from the mails the letters of almost 150 different men and concerns. This fiscal year, beginning with July, the offenders are more numerous than ever. The files in Mr. Goodwin's well-conducted office are bulging with papers in these cases.

There are recruits, of course, in this peculiar class of wrongdoers, whose days and nights are devoted to schemes for deceiving the unsophisticated public, and who would use the Postoffice Department to help their enterprises along. But there are very many confirmed ones, who, driven out of business under one name, soon begin under another.

It is amazing how persistent some of the offenders are and equally remarkable to what extent people will put their money into questionable ventures, says Mr. Goodwin. Lewis, the man who started the United States Bank at St. Louis, secured about \$2,500,000 before a fraud order was issued against him. That was one of the big cases. But there are many little cases. For instance, those old ad-

vertisements for writing letters at home are still running, till we catch the persons practicing deception. You will find cases on our docket showing that we are constantly issuing fraud orders against such concerns.

The medicines that cure everything under the sun likewise figure in the scores of fraud orders signed by the Postmaster General. We are now considering the law against such concerns more strictly than it has ever before been construed in this office, with the result that fraud is declared practiced in some cases where heretofore the perpetrators would have escaped.

A few years ago a fraud order was issued against one Rowan in Milwaukee because he had been advertising pills that were a sure cure for deafness. Furthermore, he promised to refund the money if consumers of the pills were not cured after following his instructions. When the money had been sent and the purchaser had Rowan's pills, he found one of the conditions to be the taking of 2,000 pills at the rate of one a day. Rowan was refused the privilege of the mails, and he was found to be a very old offender. He was very prolific in new schemes for defrauding the gullible public, and also quick in securing a new address as soon as he had hit upon a particularly ingenious scheme.

Oldest of All Ruins.

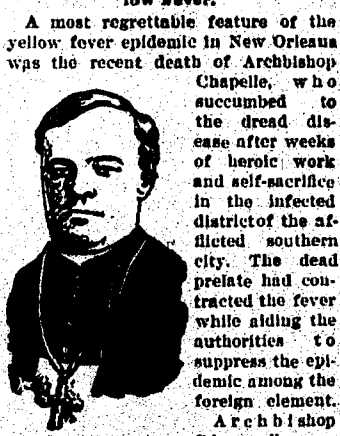
The oldest architectural ruins in the world are believed to be the rock-cut temples at Ipsambul, on the left bank of the Nile in Nubia. The largest of these ancient temples contains eleven apartments hewn out of solid stone. The largest single stone used in this work is one which forms a veranda-like projection along one side of the main temple. It is fifty-seven feet long, fifty-two feet broad and seven feet thick.

Be Not Rash.

One need not thrust his hand into a raging furnace even though he knows that a precious jewel lies therein. He may be patient until the flames are spent.—From "The Bishop's Niece," by George H. Picard.

DIED THAT OTHERS MIGHT LIVE.

Archbishop Chapelle a Victim of Yellow Fever.



A most regrettable feature of the yellow fever epidemic in New Orleans was the recent death of Archbishop Chapelle, who succumbed to the dread disease after weeks of heroic work and self-sacrifice in the infected district of the afflicted southern city. The dead prelate had contracted the fever while aiding the authorities to suppress the epidemic among the foreign element.

Archbishop Chapelle was born in France 63 years ago and was a member of one of the most aristocratic families of that country. His health had been undermined by his arduous duties as apostolic delegates to the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico, yet despite that he threw himself heart and soul into the work of confining the epidemic to a small section of New Orleans and sacrificed his life in his efforts to aid the stricken city.

Archbishop Chapelle leaves a record of faithful and enduring work, not only for his church, but for the nation. When he was rector of St. Matthew's Church in Washington he was brought into constant touch with foreign diplomats accredited to our government. Through his acquaintance he became profoundly versed in world's affairs. He was a true statesman and took an intense interest in the progress of the United States. It was his broad-minded statesmanship and true catholicity of feeling that led to his selection as archbishop of Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Later he was transferred to New Orleans, and his great ability and knowledge made him the natural selection as apostolic delegate to Cuba and Porto Rico. The archbishop's work there was not only in the interest of the Catholic Church, but of vital importance to the United States, for he did much to overcome the hostile feeling held against this country by the Catholics of Cuba and Porto Rico. He was also the Pope's representative in the negotiations for the purchase of the islands of the Fris in the Philippines.

Archbishop Chapelle, as a friend and companion, was without a superior. He was full of reminiscences, was a charming story-teller, had a very healthy love of humor and a keenly humorous eye. Moreover he had much tact. He was deeply beloved, not only by members of his church, but by all who came under his kindly influence. In his death the Catholic Church suffers an almost irreparable loss and the nation loses a man who was great and good.

LUXURIOUS ENGLISH TRAINS.

Valets, Maids and Numbered Seats Among Other Conveniences.

The Great Western Railway Company the other day ran a trial trip with the "Cornishman Limited" express, which commences to run between London and Penzance, says the London Mail. As was the case last season, this train will achieve the world's record long-distance non-stop run between London and Plymouth, 240 miles in 245 minutes—a speed of 57.7 miles an hour.

Three entirely new trains have been built for the service, composed of the largest and most palatial vehicles ever yet seen in the country. Each coach is seventy feet long and nine and one-half feet wide. A train is made up of six coaches, with a total seating capacity for 268 passengers, divided between thirty-six first-class and 232 third-class. Second-class passengers will no longer be carried by this particular train in either direction.

Every seat in the train is numbered and the passenger will require a perforated ticket, half of which will be torn off by the guard and slipped, so that it cannot be removed, into a little slot at the back of the seat just above the head.

The fittings of the train are of the most sumptuous description. Electric light and electric fans are found everywhere. The chief feature of the train, however, is the fact that for the first time in the history of British railways valets and ladies' maids are carried, in addition to the guards and dining car attendants.

The ladies' maids are neatly attired in a black alpaca dress with white linen collar and cuffs, a nurse's bonnet, fancy apron and a badge in silver thread inscribed: "G. W. R. Lady's Attendant." The valets wear a smart serge uniform. The maids will constantly patrol the train to render services to ladies and children and they will specially watch over ladies traveling without an escort. The valets will do everything for a male passenger's comfort and at a pinch are prepared to clean his boots.

The new French De Glehn four-cylinder compound locomotives, the largest and most powerful engines yet seen in this country, have arrived at Swindon, and will be employed on the service when it starts.

Delay.

He was a laggard at wooling and the dear girl had quite lost her patience. One evening he said in a casual way, "I'm a firm believer in the old proverb, 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure.'"

She looked up at him and smiled wearily. "But, of course," she said, "that couldn't really interest you." "And why not?" he asked. "Because you wouldn't have any time left to repent in."

He thought this over for some time and finally saw the point. When he left an hour later they were engaged.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Trees Which Produce Oil.

In China there is a tree which produces oil. Recently about 1,000 were transplanted from China to California and at last reports were doing well.

Why is it people always look at a man's socks when he takes off his shoes?



ASHES OF FUN.

The Old Story.—"But, papa, he says he can't live without me." "Give us a new one; I told that same story to your mother!"

The Automobile Fright.—Sidney—Why don't you talk as we ride? Rodney—Well, I can't think with my hair standing on end.

No Escape.—Bell Boy (outside of room 55)—Say, the gas is escaping in there. Countryman (inside of room 55)—No, it ain't; I locked the door.

A Vacuum.—A pupil in a Lynn (Mass.) school was asked by his teacher to give the definition of a vacuum—"I can't just describe it," said he, "but I have it in my head."

Wanted a Circus.—The Child—Are you the trained nurse mamma said was coming? The Nurse—Yes, dear; I'm the trained nurse. The Child—Let's see some of your tricks.

Those Foreigners.—Doctor (after careful examination)—Some foreign substance is lodged in your eye. Denial—Of course not! That's what Otis 'r wurrakin' wid them Daggoes!

She Whistles.—An Irishman asked a Scotchman one day why a railway engine was called "she." Sandy replied: "Perhaps it's on account of the horrible noise it makes when it tries to whistle."

"There She Blows".—On the voyage a school of whales was sighted, and the millionaire plumber rubbed his hands in ecstasy. "Why is he so happy?" asked a passenger. "Because," whispered the captain, "he imagines each spout is a bursted water-pipe, to be repaired at regular rates."

What He Hurt.—A well-known judge fell down a flight of stairs, recording his passage by a bump on every step until he reached the bottom. A servant ran to his assistance, and, raising him up, said: "I hope your honor is not hurt?" "No," said the judge, sternly, "my honor is not hurt, but my head is."

Not Worried.—He pointed out to a newly arrived lady the grandeur of the Niagara, with the words, "There, now! Isn't it wonderful?" "Wonderful," replied the lady, "what's wonderful?" "Why, to see all that water come thundering over those rocks!" "Oh, I can't see anything wonderful in that," what is there to hinder it from coming over?"

Coins to Newcastle.—Wife—What is vacant, John, by the phrase, "carrying coins to Newcastle?" Husband—It is a metaphor, my dear, showing the doing of something that is unnecessary. Wife—I don't exactly understand. Give me an illustration—a familiar one. Husband—Well, if I were to bring you home a book entitled, "How to Talk," that would be carrying coins to Newcastle.

The Way out of It.—When preaching for a public charity, a note was handed up to the clergyman, asking if it would be right for a bankrupt to contribute. Having answered that such contribution would be robbery, the speaker added: "And, my brethren, I would most strongly advise you, who are not insolvent, to contribute this morning, since, if you are seen to pass the plate, your neighbors will be sure to say, 'That's he! That's the bankrupt!'"

He Waited.—"Supposing you wait here in this comfortable seat by the elevator while I match these two samples of ribbon," said Mrs. Mayfair sweetly to her husband, who had been entrapped into going shopping with her. When she came back she said contentedly: "Have I kept you waiting an unparagonably long time, you poor dog?" "Oh, I haven't minded it," he said, cheerfully, "I just jumped on a car and ran out to the league grounds and saw most of the ball game, and then I took a little spin in the park with Dorton in his new auto. Did you match the samples?" "One of them. It's so provoking, I'll have to come in again to-morrow, for they are closing the store now."

Changing the Subject.

The late Hon. Charles W. Slack told the following of the Hon. Peter Harvey, the friend and biographer of Daniel Webster:

Mr. Harvey was a large man with a small voice and that compositeness of manner that many very diffident men possess. Above everything he valued and prided himself upon his friendship with the "great expounder."

The first year of the War of the Rebellion he went through to Washington, and on his return was asked how he liked President Lincoln.

"Well," he said, "Mr. Lincoln is a very singular man. I went on to see him, and told him that I had been an intimate personal friend of Daniel Webster; that I had talked with him so much on the affairs of the country that I felt perfectly confident I could tell him exactly what Mr. Webster would advise in the present crisis, and thereupon I talked to Lincoln for two solid hours, telling him just what he should do and what he should not do, and, will you believe it, sir, when I got through all Mr. Lincoln said was, as he clasped his hand on my leg, 'Mr. Harvey, what a tremendous great calf you have got!'"—Boston Herald.

Hard on Norah.

Scene: The Wilsons' dining room. Norah, the slovenly cook, puts her head in at the door.

Norah—Please, ma'am, will ye be after tellin' me whin I'm to know whether 'er puddin' is baked or not?

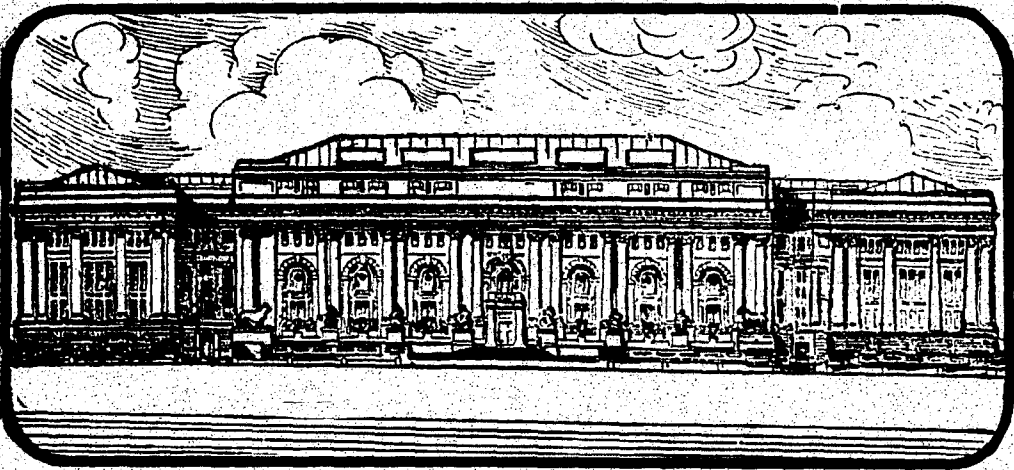
Mrs. Wilson—Stick a knife into the middle of it, and if the knife comes out clean the pudding is ready to send to the table.

Mr. Wilson. And, Norah, if it does come out clean stick all the rest of the knives in the house into the pudding.—Woman's Home Companion.

Taking Him Down a Peg.

"Then you refuse me simply because I am poor?" he bitterly cried. "You flatter yourself," said the gentle maiden.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Every baldheaded man secretly envies a poolie.



NEW AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT BUILDINGS.

the crop reports furnished by Uncle Sam is built of the agricultural opinions of a great number of unpaid men. There are at least 40,000 township correspondents, all of them farmers of sufficient intelligence to fill out blank forms provided by the government. These forms ask for information concerning the area of land under cultivation in different crops, amount of rainfall, etc. The men and women who send in these reports are satisfied to receive as a reward for their labor a few packages of seed in the spring and some of the publications of the department for winter reading. The next body of official news gatherers consists of the county correspondents. There are 2,600 of these, each of whom has three assistants, making a total force of county correspondents of 7,800. The department has a list of over 100,000 other farmers, who are called upon twice a year for specific facts which enter into the general force

of an official termed the Commissioner of Agriculture there, was faint promise that it would ever arrive at its present consequence, having for its head a member of the President's cabinet. In 1880, during the administration of Grover Cleveland, the Commissioner of Agriculture, Norman J. Coleman, of Missouri, was given a seat in the cabinet, and agriculture was raised to the dignity of an actual department of the government. The wisdom of the action was doubted by many persons at the time, and there were many who saw in it a mere political expedient, "a sop to the farmer," and who were of the opinion that little actual good would come from transforming the former commissioner into a cabinet dignitary, enlarging his powers and increasing the bureau under his supervision.

Nowadays, however, every person who has given any attention to the subject or has taken the trouble to sound popular opinion on the matter knows that this department, last except one to be created, is one of the most important among the nine great divisions of the general government. It has been a fortunate thing for the department that its heads thus far have been men of good practical sense, men who were willing to devote all of their time and attention to the work of promoting the agricultural interests of the nation.

There have been but four secretaries since the foundation of the department as it is now constituted—Norman J. Coleman of Missouri, Jeremiah M. Rusk of Wisconsin, J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska and James Wilson of Iowa, the present incumbent. All of them have proved to be admirable selections. Mr. Coleman was Secretary less than a month, but he had been commissioner and had obtained an excellent record in that capacity. No other department has shown a quicker growth or has entrenched itself more securely in the affections of the people. It has become an indispensable part of the governmental machinery, and vast interests are bound up in it. The eagerness with which its monthly crop bulletins are awaited is an evidence of its standing among the farming community, and the very fact that questionable methods of obtaining them in advance have been resorted to shows their commercial value. Ever since their first issue attempts have been made to manipulate them dishonestly, and it is quite likely that occasional leaks will continue in spite of the increased vigilance.

That person who thinks no one is right but himself ought to be locked up where he can do no damage.

ions that are necessary for the shelter of stock it leaves them in most cases without any protection at all from the beasts. Even the presence of numerous guards around a bunch of cattle is oftentimes insufficient to keep the tigers from getting away with an animal or two from along the edges of the herd.

Hunting for the animals has been greatly stimulated by the offer of the government and scores of hunters are scouring the country for them. The number of the skins that have been turned in thus far is large and it is hoped that it will not be long before the animals are driven back to the seclusion of the mountains.

An Aid to Hearing.

"Hurry them along, please," said the woman customer as she left a pair of opera glasses for repairs at a "chestnut street store." "I can't hear well at the theater without them."

Another customer who was waiting smiled when the woman left at her apparent mistake. "She meant she could not see," he observed.

"No," rejoined the optician, "she meant just what she said. Opera glasses are an aid to hearing as well as to sight. You can prove it any time you are seated well toward the rear in a theater by training the glasses on a singer. As long as you keep the singer under scrutiny with the glasses you will be able to follow the words of the song with ease. Drop the glasses and you will notice a difference. It will require more or less of a strain to catch the enunciation distinctly."

"By the use of opera glasses a theater patron is enabled to note distinctly every movement of a singer's lips, and the unconscious lip reading greatly aids the sense of hearing. If you ever attend a public meeting where it is impossible to get close to the speakers provide yourself with opera glasses, and you will be surprised how greatly they will aid you in hearing."—Philadelphia Record.

In Society.

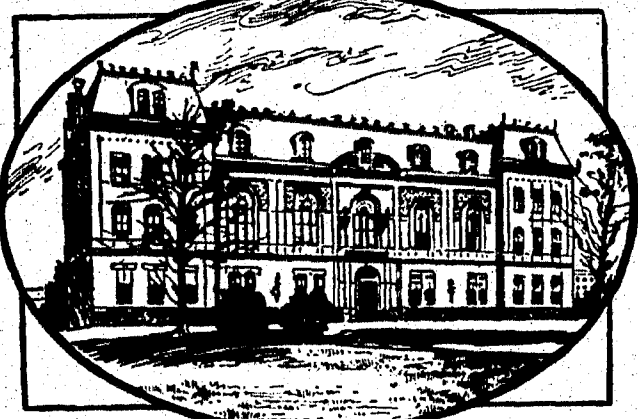
"How's your boy gettin' along in the city?"

"Just medium."

"But your wife told my wife that he moves in the best society, an' drives around in a kerridge with the 'ristocrats.'"

"Well, I reckon that's the truth. He's actin' in the capacity of coachman fer one of 'em."—Detroit Tribune.

As women get fatter, they devote the interest to finding an acceptable corset that they formerly devoted to the church.



OLD AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT BUILDING.



SECRETARY WILSON.

cast of crops just prior to harvesting time.

The paid force, those who receive some portion of the \$100,000 set aside by the government for the purpose of maintaining the bureau, is small, but capable. It embraces the State agents and the field men. The State statistical agents, one for every State, according to the plan, are paid from \$300 to \$500 a year for about a week's work in each month. They are kept posted by the county correspondents, but they are not dependent entirely on their reports. They are allowed the greatest possible latitude in the exercise of their own judgment and are men of standing and character in their various communities. The field men receive \$2 a day and expenses. Literally construed, their duties consist in moving about in their own districts during the growing season and gathering information from any source accessible to them. They interview not only farmers and planters, but get information from implement dealers, merchants, bankers, stock growers, etc. They are given the fullest possible opportunity to form their judgment from the comments of men on both sides of the crop question.

Every precaution is taken to prevent leaks. The sheets sent in by the county and township correspondents are distributed to the office force by the chief of the division. In the apportionment of the work great care is taken to keep the section reports separated widely, so that no clerk is permitted to deal with figures for a single crop covering a wide area. Extra precaution is taken to detect collusion, and every night before work is over the records are all collected and locked in a great safe. The reports of the State agents and the field men are put in this safe also and kept there under unbroken seals until a stated time.

Setting Sail.
Tomorrow I have wanted of sea to ride,
Long waves, beneath the blue and boundless dome,
And wild the wind, and white the breakers comb,
But yet I fear not, should or swelling tide,
Home lies the other side!
Some other morn I shall sail a tide
Vaster and darker, but in farther skies,
Through breaking mists what shining heights may rise—
And in great quietness I shall abide,
With home the other side!
—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Harper's Magazine.

A TIMELY JOKE.

By Charles B. Howard.
I had spent four lonely days in Hongkong, awaiting the arrival of the steamer for Manila; and Hongkong in August is a charming place to be away from. Every foreigner who could manage it had fled to the hills or to Japan, and I had sweltered on the veranda of the deserted English Club or wandered disconsolately about the streets, until I was almost dizzy with the indescribable, peculiarly Chinese atmosphere.
I had been advised not to go outside the limits of British jurisdiction, as the Chinese exclusion act had just been rigidly enforced in the United States, and Americans were not popular in the Celestial Empire for the time being.
Consequently, although I was the only saloon passenger, I was glad enough to find myself unenclosed in a bamboo chair on the deck of the British mail steamer Turquoise as she steamed out from under the shadows of the grim, frowning mountains which border the passage into Hongkong Bay. She was to call at Amoy, a tea port on Formosa Strait, before heading south for Manila.
The captain's dog, Pat, a small, low animal of no particular breed, but of a sociable disposition, came and sat beside me, and together we watched the noisy crowd of Chinamen, Malays and Filipinos in the steerage.
We dropped anchor in the pretty little harbor of Amoy soon after sunrise one morning, and the American vice-consul, a stout and jovial gentleman, most beautifully arrayed in creamy silk, came off in his eight-oared cutter and joined the captain and me at early coffee. He remarked that he had not seen a fellow countryman for six weeks, and insisted on my going ashore with him for time and a look at the town.
So we were rowed ashore by the consular crew of Japanese, rigged out in white sailor suits, accompanied by Pat, whom the captain asked me to take for a run on land.
"He'll follow at your heels all right," said the skipper, as he held the kicking Pat over the rail by the scruff of his neck and nonchalantly dropped him into the boat. "And if you should lose him I'll try to bear up. Remember, we sail at six sharp, and when you hear two whistles you want to come aboard choncho!"
The various consulates and dwellings of the few foreign residents stood in a picturesque group across the harbor from the town itself, for hygienic and other obvious reasons, and after a stroll among the ancient temples and joss-houses, scattered here and there and a call at the club, we sat down to tiffin in the cool, vine-covered bungalow which served as the United States vice-consulate. We were served by Japanese house boys, and fanned by a huge, noiselessly creaking punka.
After a short siesta my host proposed a visit to the city proper.
"It's your best chance to see a typically Chinese town," said he. "There's not a white man in it, and only one who speaks a word of English—old Tan Quin See, the comprador."
The cutter soon landed us at a flight of worn, moss-grown steps in the harbor sea-wall, and we began to wend a tortuous way through streets narrower than Boston back alleys, and not nearly so straight or well paved. They were crowded with the lowest class of Chinese, half-naked and grimy, who made way for us with sullen ugly growls, gabbling and muttering among themselves at the intrusion of the "foreign devils."
Pat, the captain had predicted, was close at my heels, adroitly dodging among a myriad of bare feet. In a few minutes the vice-consul stopped at a doorway.
"Here's Tan Quin See's shop," he said. "He's a valuable friend of mine, and he'd be greatly hurt if we didn't stop for a cup of tea."
He entered a dark little hole, which seemed to be a combination of grocery, wine-shop and museum, and led the way into a room in the rear. Here we were most effusively greeted by a dried-up little old man, who shook hands in European fashion and patted at me in pidgin-English.
The old comprador seated us in wonderfully carved ebony chairs at a wonderfully carved and inlaid table, and proceeded to make tea in true Chinese fashion—pouring boiling water on a pinch of leaves in each handleless cup, and serving it without milk or sugar.
After our fifth cup the vice-consul and he fell to talking business, for which the former apologized to me, saying that they would be through directly.
Leaving them to their chat, I strolled out to the front door and stood watching the passing throng. A moment later my attention was attracted by a crowd suddenly gathering, apparently in great excitement at a street corner some twenty yards away. Curiously getting the better of discretion, I left the doorway and walked up to see what was going on, with the ever-faithful Pat in attendance.

I found what looked like a toy temple, which two men had set down on the ground, and which the crowd was examining closely, with much gesticulation and yelling. What it was all about I do not know to this day, for just then I heard a loud yell from Pat, followed by a series of furious barks, and turned to find him savagely shaking a rag which served as the only article of apparel worn by an urchin about ten years old, who, I suspect, had been up to some prank with Pat's caudal appendage.
The little urchin was unhurt as to body and limbs, but he promptly set up a roar of fright which drowned every other sound, and was the most natural noise I had heard for weeks. Pat loosened his hold as I seized him, while the youngster was swung aloft out of harm's way by a tall Chinaman, whose face, as he turned to me, was the very incarnation of fury. Holding the yelling brat on one arm, he shook the other fist in my face, stamping and shrieking with rage.
The crowd closed in, and I was instantly surrounded by angry yellow men, chattering and screaming like a caged ape, and clawing the air with skinny arms and long-nailed hands.
Pretty thoroughly scared, I instinctively dug into a pocket, and offered a handful of loose change to the tall man. He snatched it as a wild beast snatches meat, but it had not the slightest effect on his temper, and he seemed on the point of striking at my face with his claw-like hand.
I was totally unarmed, save for an ordinary walking-stick, which I raised to ward off the impending blow. Then I stepped quickly backward. The crowd behind made way with the cowardly instinct of an unorganized mob, but closed in front just out of reach of my stick, screaming and gesticulating as before. I continued backing until I was fairly clear, and then turned and ran, as I thought, toward Tan Quin See's shop.
Unfortunately, in my bewilderedment I started down the wrong street, not discovering the mistake until I had sprinted some distance, with the howling swarm close behind. The miserable Pat scudded ahead, his unlucky tail between his legs, adding his terrified yaps to the general uproar.
A stone whizzed close to my head, followed by another, and feeling that I was now in real danger, I dodged down the first side street which seemed to me to lead in the direction of the shop—and unexpectedly I found myself in a blind alley, ending in a brick wall about seven feet high, with a sort of ledge or shelf running along its foot.
Jumping up on this, I backed up against the wall and raised my hands aloft in token of surrender. The crowd closed round as before, their combined voices now sounding like one continuous, steady shriek, without cadence or rise or fall. Every hand that I could see gripped a stone or fragment of brick—the Chinese rowdy's weapon of offense.
I could see over the distended heads which filled the narrow alley, and still holding my hands aloft—a gesture which seemed to puzzle them, for the stone-throwing had temporarily ceased—I noticed in the street outside a Jirikisha occupied by a portly old merchant, well-dressed in clean blue silk, with a red button on his little round cap indicating the rank of mandarin. He was eagerly peering at the crowd, his hands comfortably folded on his round stomach, and my frantic efforts to attract his attention elicited no response whatever. He probably had no sympathy to waste on unlucky foreigners.
Imagining that he could not see me through the forest of waving arms, I turned and grasped the edge of the wall, with the idea of climbing up. Then the shriek of the mob turned to a snarling roar, and I felt the stinging blows of half a dozen stones, while countless others broke against the wall or sailed over. I made a wild leap in hope of finding a temporary haven of refuge on the other side—and crash came my helmet against something hard, which smashed it down over by face like an exile's gushier.
I made a frantic grab at the air to save myself from tumbling backward, and clutched a roll of sinewy shoulder muscle. At the same time somebody grasped my coat collar, and there I hung for a moment with dangling legs, in the uncongenial embrace of an athletic Chinaman, who had evidently tried to leap on the wall from the farther side, to see the fun, with disastrous results to my helmet and his head.
Simultaneously we each managed to get a leg atop and to scramble up, where we sat astride, face to face, while I extricated my head from the remains of my helmet, and he rubbed his shaven poll with one hand and his damaged shoulder with the other, uttering a series of indignant gutturals.
Expecting another shower of stones, I turned to look at the crowd—and I continued to look for some time in bewildered amazement.
For instead of shrieking with anger as before, they were now yelling with laughter, staggering about, and doubling up in a very ecstasy of glee, like so many Georgia darbies at a "hoe-down." Their expression of malignant hate turned to that of the jolliest, happiest fun. Even the tall man with the child, who towered head and shoulders above the rest, was grinning from ear to ear, while the fat old party in the Jirikisha was shaking like a jelly-bag; and Pat, on his hind legs, was madly clawing at the wall.
I had just about concluded that the whole thing was one awful nightmare when the vice-consul came pushing into the alley, and elbowed his way to the wall, followed by Tan Quin See.
"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were done for. How did you know enough to do it? But come along out of this and explain on the way. The Turquoise has whistled."
We made our way through the now genial crowd without opposition, leaving my peevish friend on the wall

to scold at his leisure, and were allowed down to the sea-wall by a hilarious procession of my late enemies. There we bade farewell to Tan Quin See, and on the way to the steamer I related the whole story.
"Well, well," said the vice-consul, as he wiped his ruddy face, "that jump of yours, and getting your helmet bashed over your face, has probably saved me the trouble of cabling Uncle Sam for a gunboat. You were within an ace of being stoned to death, but you discovered by accident the secret of controlling a Chinese mob, which is at once the most dangerous in the world and the most childish. If you ever get into a scrape like that again, remember this: Do something, no matter what. To make 'em laugh, and you're safe till next time."—Youth's Companion.

DO ATHLETES DIE YOUNG?

Some Pertinent Statistics That go to Refute a Widely Popular Fallacy.
According to Dr. William G. Anderson, in his article on Making a Yale Athlete, in Everybody's Magazine, college athletics tend to prolong rather than to shorten life. "The hostile criticism," says Dr. Anderson, "that athletes 'die young' has been so often made without definite refutation that it passes for truth among those who mistake rumor for fact. An investigation of the health and longevity of college athletes must be exhaustive to furnish trustworthy data. Realizing the importance of such statistics, Professor Franklin B. Dexter, the Librarian of Yale, has recently completed the task of collecting the records of 761 athletes who competed in intercollegiate events and won their 'Y's' on the track between 1855 and 1904. This material was gathered for a prominent life insurance company, and later given to the director of the gymnasium. The main deductions are as follows:
"Of these 761 athletes, 51 have died since graduation. The causes were: 4, Consumption; 12, pneumonia; 4, drowning; 6, heart disease; 2, suicide; 2, war and accident; 2, died from unknown causes, or disappeared; 10, from various diseases (fevers, appendicitis, cancer, diphtheria, paralysis, etc.).
"Of these 51 men, 18 rowed, 16 played football, 11 were track athletes, and 6 played baseball. The ages of those who have died show these extremes and averages:
Sport. Extremes of. Average age at death.
Crew. 20 to 68 years. 41.7 years.
Football. 22 to 37 years. 30.3 years.
Baseball. 20 to 29 years. 25.3 years.
Track. 21 to 33 years. 25.4 years.
"Turning to the 710 living athletes: Those who have passed 40 may be thus grouped:
113 men are between 40 and 49 years of age.
86 men are between 40 and 59 years of age.
22 men are between 60 and 69 years of age.
"Of the Yale athletes in their latter years, 11 are between 60 and 65 years, one is 65, three are 66, one is 67, two are 68, and one is 69. In brief, barring violent deaths, only 40 of these 761 Yale athletes, in a period of nearly fifty years, have been lost from the ranks of the living.
"I have been assured by a life insurance expert that college athletes, barring the track men, show a better average expectation of life than their non-athletic classmates, and much better than the general average of insured lives."

ADVANCED SCHOOL FOR LIARS.

Montclair's Peculiar Educational Institution Making Progress.
At Montclair, N. J., one of the most interesting experiments in educational endeavor has been started by the Board of Education. In the establishment of a school for the exclusive mental upbuilding of half developed intelligences, and their corollaries of viciousness, silliness, lack of perception and mendacity. It is in charge of Professor Frank F. Gray, a veteran teacher and a close student of psychology, and already he has made remarkable progress in awakening the dullard brains of a score of punis, who heretofore have been regarded as incorrigible and beyond improvement.
One of the peculiar cases was that of a boy who had no conception of distances. He could not distinguish between one inch and two inches, when the marks were plainly before him on paper. In other respects he was fairly bright. Another boy was unable to understand the four cardinal points of the compass. North, south, east and west meant the same thing to him but he could read well and write legibly. This was a particularly interesting case. Professor Gray discovered that the pupil was lacking completely in the power of concentration. His thoughts could not be fixed for more than a few seconds at a time on any one subject, and as a consequence he had no sense of place or location. He was drilled constantly until this abnormal condition was corrected, and now he can box the compass like an old mariner.
Lying, with no purpose, was the most extensive fault with which Professor Gray had to deal. It took a long time to arouse the latent moral sense in the pupils who had this habit, but patience and perseverance prevailed, and today the class is fairly truthful and reliable. All the effort of the teacher is directed toward bringing the normal out of the abnormal before there is any attempt to go into the rudiments of "book learning."—New York Press.

The Danube flows through countries in which fifty-two languages and dialects are spoken.
Housewives in Florida scrub their floors with oranges.
More tender than horses, more sheep than cows.

WOMEN AND FASHION

Contentment and Cheerfulness.

No matter what some people may say, the contented woman does exist. She has to be hunted out, because she does not belong to a large class and she is not numerous, and if you find her at all it will be by accident. Women are blowing trumpets all over the world to call attention to their triumphs and attractions. But the contented woman is not of the number, for she has no voice and no trumpets, and is generally attractive to but one or two persons at most—those with whom she passes her life. To the eyes of her husband she is probably the embodiment of all graces.
She will invariably say, after she has heard a tale of woe, "Remember there are always two sides to every question, and I shall suspend judgment till I know both. By putting yourself in the place of another you will cease to want to criticize." She had been taught those things from childhood by a devoted mother. It does not happen very often that women change their natures after they reach maturity. They can become worse pretty rapidly. A sunny nature is either an inheritance or the result of long cultivation, and the former is scarce and the latter woefully slighted. How many pass over the little annoyance of life with tolerable calmness? These fortunate people do not move over disappointments, chafe at insurance company, and later given to the director of the gymnasium. The main deductions are as follows:
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Tea Table Furnishings.

A new idea in household furnishings is a tea table on which is spread a cloth having a white background with a graceful design in blue. As a setting for blue and white china or for use in a room done in Dresden colors this is very effective and a pleasing variation from the regulation tea table, with its fancy cover embroidered in white, or with plain white squares of damask. For summer time use, however, these blue and white covers will be found very satisfactory. They are made of light-weight material, something like Japanese crepe, are inexpensive and harmonize very well with the light, airy summer draperies. With a tea set of old blue china one of these covers is a pleasing accompaniment, but even without family heirlooms it makes an agreeable substitute for the everlasting white used during the rest of the year.
Some Uses for Vinegar.
If a tablespoonful of vinegar is put into the lard in which doughnuts are fried it will prevent them from absorbing too much of the fat. One or two teaspoonfuls of vinegar put into a kettle containing boiling beef or chicken will hasten it in becoming tender. A little vinegar put into stove blacking will make it stick better and prevent dust from flying while polishing. A little vinegar put into the water when rinsing the hands does much towards curing and preventing chapped hands. Vinegar put into a bottle of old or dried blue will moisten and make it like new again. Vinegar boiled on the stove while cooking onions or cabbage will prevent the odor from filling the house. Vinegar and salt mixed will brighten and clean brass or copper bottles, ornaments, gas fixtures and

under which crumbs can collect, there is no encouragement for mice, the enamel is easily wiped off with a damp cloth, and with such a finish it is never necessary to clean the entire pantry at once. It keeps clean all the time.
Draped Bolero Bodice.
The bolero mode is one that is most successfully used in those smart materials of soft fluff that drape well without crushing. The finer Stilleennes are often used for this and in a quiet tint of terra cotta are particularly modish. This is used where an overall yoke of eyeletted linen appears below the throat, the Stilleenne shirred



NEW COAT SUITS.

restlessness, who change the rooms all over once a week. They even dispose of their furniture and buy new pretty pieces frequently. They cannot be contented and they are scarcely cheerful beings. There is no doubt that they tire their relatives and friends, since tiring is the thing they do most frequently. Let women look after their work with a wholesome cheer that makes the home popular.
For Burning Feet.
Feet that are hot and blistered from much standing or walking these warm days will be relieved and rested by the following treatment: Bathe them every night in salted water, allowing a quart of brine to a quart of water. The water may be hot or cold according to individual constitution. The feet should be scrubbed all over with a nail brush, which will often prevent the formation of corns, and hard spots on the soles may be reduced with a piece of fine emery paper or a fine file before the feet are placed in the water. The brine may be made by dissolving a pint of water, pouring it into a covered jar or bottle, and allowing it to stand for twenty-four hours. Sprinkle the feet with talcum powder, and wear large shoes, avoiding the polished leathers.
Face for Water.
A strip of flannel or a soft cloth, folded lengthwise, dipped in hot water and wrung out, then wrapped around the neck of a child that has croup, will bring almost instant relief. A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water, and applied over the site of toothache or neuralgia, is often found to work like magic. Nothing so promptly cuts short congestion of the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism as hot water, when applied early in the case and thoroughly. Ordinary headaches almost always yield to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and the back of the neck.
For Painted Nails.
A fine idea for painted nails is to use two coats of white paint and then a finishing coat of white enamel. Wash the shivers with cold water as soon as the enamel dries, and then it will harden quickly. Over this place an oilcloth or paper, but leave the shivers bare and notice the improvement; since there are no covers

to the side and back seams and rounded off in front to display the smart waistcoat of white cloth with its fancy copper buttons. The sleeve is a short puff with a cuff of cute little ruffles and ends just below the elbow. The skirt is plaited into the waistband and little quillings of silk ribbon are used to define the groups of nun's tucks.
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A strip of flannel or a soft cloth, folded lengthwise, dipped in hot water and wrung out, then wrapped around the neck of a child that has croup, will bring almost instant relief. A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water, and applied over the site of toothache or neuralgia, is often found to work like magic. Nothing so promptly cuts short congestion of the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism as hot water, when applied early in the case and thoroughly. Ordinary headaches almost always yield to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and the back of the neck.
For Painted Nails.
A fine idea for painted nails is to use two coats of white paint and then a finishing coat of white enamel. Wash the shivers with cold water as soon as the enamel dries, and then it will harden quickly. Over this place an oilcloth or paper, but leave the shivers bare and notice the improvement; since there are no covers

Science and Invention

About seventy specimens of the extinct great auk are now preserved in museums. A specimen recently sold in London brought \$2,000.
While astronomers have been taking notes and discussing changes in the aspect of the moon, M. Pulsenax, a Frenchman, has been looking up data. Going over all records, from the earliest observations to the latest, he concludes that the reality of the supposed changes has not been proved, and that the varying sensitiveness of the retina for faint objects is sufficient to account for the difference seen, while different conditions of exposure might explain all appearances in the photographs.
Some recently invented chronophotographic camera by Lucien Bull, of Paris, take successive pictures at rates from 1,000 to 2,000 per second. The source of light is the spark of an induction coil, which, it is calculated, endures only about one two-millionth of a second, so that with improved mechanism, the successive images could be taken at a far more rapid rate than is now employed. Six hundred images per second, however, suffice to show clearly the moving wings of a dragonfly, and with 1,100 or 1,200 images per second, sharp pictures have been obtained of bees and house-flies in flight.
The Scientific American calls attention to the danger attending the wearing of adulterated leather. A large amount of cheap leather is weighted so that when the weight test is applied such adulterated leather may pass as first-quality material. Leather so treated, however, has the peculiar quality of absorbing moisture freely and retaining it to an extreme degree. The result is that a shoe made of this chemically treated material is in actuality never dry. Even in the driest weather the perspiration of the feet is sufficient to render the footwear dangerous, as such natural moisture collects on the inner sole.
The secret wireless telephone of A. T. M. Johnson, a retired Australian official, depends upon steel reeds tuned in unison or octave to the voice of the person speaking, and, as voices vary greatly, a special reed is necessary for each person. On speaking into an ordinary microphone, a large Ruhmkorff coil in circuit transmits the vibrations, without connecting wire, to the receiving apparatus. Messages have been sent to distances of half a mile. Secret telegrams can be sent through similar tuned steel reeds, and these are received by a secret bell arranged to respond only to the vibrations from the proper transmitter.
During the present summer Mr. Clayton, of the Blue Hill Observatory, is cruising with a steam yacht belonging to the French meteorologist, Telsere de Bort, in the trade wind region of the Atlantic Ocean, in order to sound, with the aid of kites and balloons, the air strata up to a height of 15,000 feet. Among other things, he will endeavor to reach the lofty southwest, or return, trade wind, supposed to blow in the neighborhood of the Canaries, the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands. This wind has actually been observed only on the summit of the Peak of Teneriffe. An attempt to reach it with kites from the Prince of Monaco's yacht last summer was unsuccessful.
In the novel method of electric welding of a Berlin firm, the heat applied is evolved by an electric arc formed between the working piece and a carbon electrode at the place where the weld is to be made. A relatively small electric generator is used with a storage battery connected up in parallel, and the carbon, fixed in the holder, is readily shifted as desired. The great heat melts both the working piece and the metal to be welded insuring an intimate juncture. Welding material is supplied until the joint or aperture is filled, and by gradually reducing the arc the weld is cooled slowly. The process supplies especially a cheap and simple means for making small repairs in large castings.
His Ambition.
"Are you going to college when you grow up?" asked the uncle.
"Yes, sir," replied the boy.
"What are you going to be?"
"A baseball player or a rower."
"But don't you want to learn a profession?"
"No; what's the use? I want to get my picture in the papers."—Yonkers Statesman.
And a "Heaven! Ho!"
"I understand the opening performance of the new comic opera went off without a hitch."
"Not altogether; the leading comedian appears as a jolly jack-in-the-second act, and, of course, it's impossible for a comedian to wear sailor's trousers without a hitch."—Philadelphia Press.
The Retiring Male Mosquito.
"That same scientist again comes forward and says that it is the female mosquito that does the biting."
"He does, does he? Then the male mosquito ought to be ashamed of himself for staying at home and letting the women folks go out and do all the marauding."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Moral Delinquent Treasures.
"His talk is entirely too coarse to suit me."
"Oh! he's merely gotten into the habit of calling a spade a spade."
"It wouldn't mind that, but he insists upon calling lots of things spades that are not."—Philadelphia Press.
Something Wrong.
"Oh, yes, he's a self-made man."
"I thought you said his name was Taylor."
"Well."
"Well it takes nine tailors to make a man."—Philadelphia Press.
Vacationers.
Have many of the houses here old-fashioned knockers? Farmer Hockberry—Gosh, yes; most all 'em 'goin' in th' village are over 701—Push.